
ENGLISH CHILDREN
AS PAINTED BY
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

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SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

An Essay

ON SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF REYNOLDS AS A PAINTER, WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO HIS PORTRAITURE OF CHILDREN.

BY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTEEN PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. AND E. SEELEY.

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THIS ESSAY

IS

Dedicated

TO

DOROTHY MARY STEPHENS

BY

HER SON.

Halwyn, St. Paul's,
Penzance.

September 15th, 1866.

PREFACE.

It must have occurred to the minds of many among my readers that Reynolds, of all artists, painted children best—that the childless man knew most of childhood, depicted its appearances in the truest and happiest spirit of comedy, entered into its changeful soul with the tenderest, heartiest sympathy, played with the playful, sighed with the sorrowful, and mastered all the craft of infancy. Fra Angelico had purer visions than his inheritor —Raphael—but the monk made his children cherubic or seraphic, as the case might be, rarely, if ever, left them sons of men; Raphael himself, in representing them as mentally powerful, did so with an after-thought to make them more than babies, other than youths. In the 'Cartoons' the children have suffered from the 'restorer,' more even than the men, and have but the remains of loveliness. Murillo, with the highest of aims, painted some babies, and, with aims more prosaic, many children. With rare exceptions he failed in the first, and was of the earth, earthy in the last. His 'Saviours' are too often mere children; his children almost invariably elfish. Velasquez was great indeed with the few he produced. Rubens, I think, stands highest among the old masters as a painter of childhood proper; it does not appear, however, that he can be compared with Reynolds, either with regard to the refined quality, or the number of the pictures

that are recorded in the Appendix to this Essay, which, let it be borne in mind, comprises only engraved works. This extraordinary exuberance, and the almost universally admirable quality of the Englishman's studies, have never been matched in art. Some of the early Italian painters produced fascinating pictures of children, but they were so few that we may, as concerns them, set apart all technical considerations, all comparisons of execution, and let Sir Joshua rely upon his scores of successes. The technical difficulties under which these great Italians wrought make us marvel at what they did so exquisitely, honour the valour they displayed, and applaud their aims to the highest.

Thus convinced of the value of his works, I have endeavoured to set forth, so far as the limits of an essay permitted, the characteristics of Reynolds as a painter, with special reference to his portraiture of children, and have hoped to introduce some readers to a new thing, also to refresh the memories of others among the already informed. This attempt has been a very pleasant one to me, and rendered still more so by the kindness of many students, among whom I cannot forbear to name Mr. William Smith; Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham; Messrs. D. Colnaghi, and others of the house which bears this name, especially Mr. T. L. Caley; the Rev. G. Patey, Master of the Grammar School, successor to Reynolds's father at Plympton, St. Maurice, Devonshire; G. Frederic Jackson, Esq., of the same town; and G. Barker, Esq.

FREDERIC G. STEPHENS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

ENGLISH CHILDREN

AS

PAINTED BY REYNOLDS.

Apart from his powers in portraiture, Reynolds had eminent ability to deal with the expressions of emotion and mental energy. This must be understood without reference to what are called the mythologic and tragic subjects of his production, wherein he, as a rule, failed as completely as he succeeded in those themes which were supplied by childish life, and formed in every respect antitheses to his quasi-poetic studies. In proof of this alleged failure it will suffice for the present to name two pictures,—'The Death of Cardinal Beaufort,' of which an inferior version is in the Dulwich Gallery, wherein the passionate expression approaches caricature; and the 'Thais,' (Miss Emily Pott) 'In haste to destroy,'—that remarkably theatrical representation of a young lady of the later half of the eighteenth century, her

* Mason, the poet, in his 'Anecdotes of Reynolds,' as published by Mr. Cotton, gives an account of the painting of this picture, which recals the old story of Guido and his Magdalens, depicted after a street porter, and serves as a key to its exaggerations:—'I happened to call upon him when he was painting the "Death of Cardinal Beaufort." . . . . He had merely scumbled in his positions of the several figures, and was now upon the head of the dying Cardinal. He had now got for his model a porter, or coal-heaver, between fifty and sixty years of age, whose black and bushy beard he had paid him for letting grow. He was stripped naked to the waist, and with his profile turned to him, sat with a fixed grin showing his teeth. I could not help laughing at the strange figure, and, recollecting why he ordered the poor fellow so to grin, on account of Shakespeare's line,—

"Mark how the pangs of death do make him grin,"

I told him that, in my opinion, Shakespeare would never have used the word "grin" in that place if he could readily have found a better—that it always conveyed to me a ludicrous idea . . . . He did not agree with me on this point, so the fellow sat grinning for upwards of one hour, during which time he sometimes gave a touch to the face, sometimes scumbled on the bed-clothes.'

'Reynolds afterwards did better,' says Mason, with this subject.

face unaffected by Greek feeling, and her attitude unclassical in every respect. The 'Cardinal Beaufort' was most happily caricatured by Gilray in a large print called 'Shakespeare Sacrificed, or the Offering to Avarice.'

Even in 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' now in the Grosvenor Collection, of which there is also a version at Dulwich, we have what is peculiarly dramatic in the modern taste, what is 'theatrical' rather than impressive, affected rather than grand, in short, an English actress with a boarding-school girl's notion of the character; not a Muse such as the Goddess was imagined when Muses were believed in, worshipped, expected to become visible.

The slightest comparison made by the least-taught eye, between this 'Muse' of Reynolds's and any antique figure, will show the immeasurable difference that exists between the ruling ideas of such works as these. On the other hand, our artist's notion of the subject in question was devoid of that splendid falsehood which accompanies what is styled *rococo* design, and was English of his own time, and characterizes Reynolds,—this, as we shall proceed to show, was almost invariably the case with like efforts on his part,—as an admirable portrait-painter dealing with a quasi-heroic ideal. If we would see how ineffably great is the distance between this ideal and what was present in the mind of a Greek, or even a Roman artist when regarding this subject, we must turn from the picture of the lady-actress in the act of 'striking an attitude,' and the absurd attendants of her chair,—one of whom makes mouths, over a bowl, while the other looks miserable, not sad. We must turn from these to any one of those copies in marble from antique masks, as worn by ancient tragedians, which are in so many modern museums. The profound difference between the ideal of Reynolds, and that of the ancient sculptors, will be obvious at a glance to the student who is not already informed on the subject. The 'Muse Melpomene,' of which statue there is a cast in the lower hall of the Royal Academy, London, is represented in marble (No. 499) in the Hall of the Muses in the Vatican, one of the figures found in the Villa of Cassius, in the olive grove near Tivoli; she is fully draped, has her right foot placed upon a large stone, so that the elbow of that side rests upon the thigh, and the hand is quiescent with a dagger in its grasp. In the other hand, she bears an enormous Herculean

mask, the set horror upon the features of which is probably familiar enough in our readers' memories. Melpomene's own visage is perhaps more in point for comparison with Reynolds's and Mrs. Siddons's notions of the tragic expression. Although not of the best style in antique art, this face of the Muse has no air of presumption; there is nothing demonstrative in her manner; she hardly regards the accidents of the time that is present with her, although they might be called tragic; but instead of that she looks beyond upon what was to come, anticipates the result, the long-enduring woe, the indomitable evil which broods over all the future in her ken, Muse as she is. A settled dignity, meet to the grave and measured nature of the classic drama, pervades her features and controls her attitude; the eyes are full of sorrow rather than of rage. On the other hand, the Mrs. Siddons looks like a lady-housewife, who, having quarrelled with her servants, is too well bred to be loud in her rage, yet has sunk into the porter's hall-chair, clenches her little fist (Walpole wrote to Lady Ossory* that Mrs. Siddons's arms were 'not genteel'), and looks unutterable things. My lady's footmen are

* This Lady Ossory was mother to the pretty little Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, whom Reynolds painted as 'Collina,' and her sister, Lady Anne, who was the 'Sylvia' of another picture by our master. Lady Ossory, who is so well known to readers of Walpole's 'Letters,' was one of the most charmingly intelligent women of her time. Reynolds painted her in March, 1776. Lady Gertrude sat as 'The Girl with Grapes,' a year or two before the production of 'Collina.' According to his 'Ledger,' as published by Mr. Cotton, Reynolds was paid for these pictures thus: —'June 10, 1775. Lord Ossory, for Lady Anne Fitzpatrick, 52*l.* 10*s.*' In the next line appears, 'Paid 25 (? guineas) more. 26*l.* 15*s.*' Again: 'May, 1780. Lord Ossory, for Lady Gertrude, 52*l.* 10*s.*' The latter is probably the picture which is entitled 'Collina,' a name derived, as we cannot doubt, from the circumstance that the child is represented as walking over a hillock, in French *colline*. Collina was a goddess of little hills. Parnassus was styled '*La double Colline*.' This picture was engraved by J. Dean and J. Jones, 1792. The latter artist engraved that of Lady Anne Fitzpatrick, 'Sylvia.' S. W. Reynolds engraved 'The Girl with the Bunch of Grapes.' A larger print than this, the production of J. R. Smith, is one of his finest works. 'Collina' is 4 feet 7 inches high, by 3 feet 4 inches wide, and, like 'Sylvia,' in the possession of R. W. Fitzpatrick, Esq. The former was exhibited at the British Institution in 1813, the general gathering of Reynolds' works, in 1845 and 1865. The mother of these children was the Hon. Anne Liddell, daughter and sole heir of Henry, Lord Ravensworth, married, in 1756, to Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, from whom she was divorced by act of Parliament in 1769; the eldest son of this marriage became George Henry, fourth Duke of Grafton. The lady died in 1804. To the Earl of Ossory Reynolds willed the first choice from any of his pictures. He was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of Sir Joshua.

behind the chair, the one sympathetic, the other lugubrious. Reynolds is said to have painted the last-mentioned head from his own.

The ideal of the Greeks was of course peculiar to the mind of that race, and had its foundation in that expectation of long-continued suffering which was so much in accord with their ideas of life and destiny, had its roots deep in the mythologic faith they held; on the other hand, the tragic ideal of Reynolds comes before us like an antithesis to this, and was essentially a shallow one, emotional rather than meditative, and derived, it would seem, from the affectation of Domenichino, the false 'airs' of Guido, the heartlessness of the seventeenth-century painters in Italy, from whom the artist drew as much of the would-be graver manner of his art, as to the blander feelings of Guercino he owed so much of the more amiable aspects of his pictures.

The history of 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' which indicates the nature of Reynolds's inspiration, may as well be given here as elsewhere. It was painted in 1783. There is something almost comic in the account which Mrs. Jameson repeated of the origin of the design, as given by Mrs. Siddons herself. Sir Joshua took the actress by the hand, and led her to the sitters' platform in the Leicester-Square studio, whereon was placed the chair of sacrifice, and, with the action, said, 'Ascend to your undisputed throne; bestow on me some idea of the Tragic Muse.' What could the lady do whose histrionic performances were then accepted as the 'purest classic,' but strike an attitude? 'I walked up the steps,' added this new goddess, 'and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse appears.'* So thoroughly theatrical is this position, that one cannot doubt the

* The chair in which she sat, or in which she is presumed to have done so, was the property of Parry, a gift from Lord Inchiquin (who married Reynolds's niece), and afterwards that of his biographer, Dr. Fryer, then of Sir Thomas Lawrence, next of Sir Martin Shee, at the sale of whose effects it descended, for 5*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, to Sir Charles Eastlake, and is now in the possession of his widow. The chair is a very simple seat — an arm-chair, with leather seat and cushions. (*See* Smith's 'Life of Nollckens,' vol. ii. p. 164.) The chair is a relic of the highest interest, and ought to be in the possession of the Royal Academy, which institution possesses one of Reynolds's palettes; not, however, that one which Turner gave to Shee, and is inscribed accordingly, as Mr. Taylor says. ('Life and Times of Sir J. Reynolds,' vol. i. p. 182, *note.*). Turner's gift to Shee was sold at Christie's, with other effects of Mr. Grundy, of Liverpool, to Mr. J. Lilley, of Sandgate, Kent — the price was 21*l.* 10*s.* ('Athenæum,' No. 1995.)

lady practised it in front of her mirror for hours on the day before she sat. The sequel is worthy of this excessively effective beginning. Sir Joshua, with the thorough-going complimentary fashion in good society of his day, pretended to be at the *tragédienne's* feet during the sitting; and, when all else was done, added, with a splendid flourish, which is really pitiful, 'I cannot resist the opportunity of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment.' There, accordingly, he wrote his name, and the date, 1784, when the picture was exhibited and probably finished. It has been engraved by Francis Haward, S. W. Reynolds, and H. Dawe.* In every sense it is an unfortunate example of the artist's notions of the 'grand style.'

Reynolds talked and wrote a great deal in admiring terms of Michael Angelo, and wore his head upon his signet. No one in this country did more for the glory of this great sculptor, or praised him with greater discrimination; nevertheless, whether from defect of nature, weakness, or a wiser internal judgment, he left the practice of his own counsel to others, and rarely attempted to imitate the great master, even in that grandiose sort of magnificence which was so popular one hundred years ago, and which so many mistake for vigour, and wherein not a few recognise all they can of the glory of the Sistine. Of course this grandiosity was really the bane of Michael Angelo—the mildew, so to say, of his fame, and destruction to the fortunes of the men who came after him in Italy, and mistook the excess for the triumph, the attitudinizing for the effort it really masked, and the power it degraded. Reynolds, although more powerfully influenced by these unfortunates than he admitted, or probably believed himself to be, knew and avoided their error, and did not aim at imitating Michael Angelo, however freely he might commend his example to others. He rather based his ideal upon the level of Correggio—that master of chiaroscuro—and upon the

* There were several copies, or versions, of this picture. The one at Dulwich was painted by Mr. Score, so Northcote tells us, probably with but partial truth. M. de Calonne gave Sir Joshua 800 guineas for the original—the largest price he had received for a picture with so few figures. It was sold in 1795 for 100 guineas less than that sum to Mr. Smith, of Norwich, and again to Mr. Watson Taylor, of Liverpool, for 900 guineas; lastly, in 1822, to the Marquis of Westminster, with whose family it remains, for 1760 guineas, or much more than double the original price. Malone says the Dulwich picture was sold for 700 guineas to Mr. Desenfans.

practice of the Venetians, those unapproachable colourists. The wonder is where he studied these schools, for the note-books of his journeys in Italy give comparatively small intelligence about the direction of his mind to the quarter towards which, as his after practice would lead us to suppose, his attention had been wholly directed. Our wonder may be dissipated, to some extent, by recollecting that a man's feelings, or instincts, lead him right according to his power, and in many cases do so effectually, where education, 'taste,' and imagination would inevitably set him astray; thus, infinitely the larger portion of Reynolds's life was spent in giving what one may call a pictorial immortality to the domesticities and personalities of his own day, with but occasional reference to grander aims. To these we shall soon call the reader's attention.

His favourite theme was Michael Angelo; his practice, with independent power, reproduced the glorious craft in chiaroscuro and colour of the master of Parma, Correggio; to it he united the genuine homeliness of some of the best Dutch masters in characterization; refined upon these, and added elegance of his own. To Rembrandt he owed an enormous debt; to Vandyck something both of good and evil, that was derived, no doubt, in a stronger measure than is suspected, from early impressions of those numerous portraits by Gandy of Exeter that are scattered about Devonshire and Cornwall, and exist in unusual profusion in the neighbourhood of the President's birth-place in the former county. These impressions of Vandyck seem to be of very early date in Reynolds's career, and are certainly most palpable in such portraits as that of Keppel, painted in 1753, styled the 'Wrecked Keppel,' which brought him into fashionable notice, and, so far as pictorial immortality could do, returned the kindness of his affectionate friend the sitter. Mr. Cotton's list of Reynolds's portraits enumerates no fewer than nine pictures of the Admiral; probably, many of them are repetitions by copyists from originals by Sir Joshua. The design is evidently adapted from that of the Apollo, or some other antique statue. It is noteworthy that this picture did much for Reynolds's reputation, yet, except occasionally, when we may attribute the fact to the influence of certain sitters upon his mind, he avoided the stilted and unfortunate characteristics of this work in productions which followed it: he

was not to be corrupted even by success to work in a theatrical vein: his impressions from the antique must have been very deep. These impressions appeared again and again in his practice,—as, for example, in the portrait of the fifth Duke of Beaufort,* which was this year in the British Institution, and belongs to the present Duke of Beaufort: this, in some important respects, reproduces that of Keppel more closely even than the latter did the attitude of the Apollo Belvedere, or another later and less original antique which supplied so much of the design for the first of Reynolds's famous pictures.

We wish that these impressions had been but occasional in our subject's mind; our belief is that they were for the most part obtained through study of Vandyck, who, as his age did, delighted in somewhat demonstrative and affected attitudes and expressions for portraits,—thought that to be 'fine' which we now reject as fit only for the stage, where all sorts of vulgarities are appealed to. Reynolds owed much to Vandyck, both of good in the way of execution, and evil in respect to the manner of conception,—which, so active and sound was his native taste, might have been escaped, had he not early conceived delight in such models as were primarily supplied to him by Gandy and his master, no less than by traditions from the same source that lingered in the school of Hudson, and were found there when Reynolds came to London. The peculiar strut and otherwise attitudinizing gait which are remarkable in the 'Captain Keppel' just now referred to are obvious in several of Vandyck's portraits,—too many for mention here: take, for example, only that picture—lately at the National Portrait Exhibition, No. 728—of the Earls of Bristol and Bedford, young nobles who strut like young cocks. This picture belongs to Earl Spencer. The attitudinizing of the 'Wrecked Keppel' is most unworthy of the man. It is said that the effect of study from Gandy's portraits is plain on such works as Reynolds produced ere he went to Italy, and during his short intermediate sojourn in Plymouth, before he came to settle in London; the traces of such studies were by no means effaced by that journey and that practice

* This picture was exhibited in the Spring Gardens' Room, with the Society of Artists, at their second exhibition, in 1761. The Hon. Mr. Greville paid Reynolds, June 1786, 157*l.* 10*s.* for this and his own picture.

in Italy, which one would consider all powerful to such an end. It is probable that the youthful master had not then fairly assimilated to his intellect those glorious lessons of Correggio and Venice, to which he was indebted for the most potent of his means for succeeding in this effort for that greatness he ultimately won.

It is needful to clear our subject of these extraneous matters, and dispose beforehand of what may be called the theatrical manner of Reynolds. His affectations and whims were, as it appears to us, really independent of the man,—the outcome of early impressions, inestimable in other respects, but unfortunate in this one. Half his mythological subjects, even when merely masks for portraiture, were laborious mistakes, and would be offensive to our eyes but for the supreme skill by which they were conveyed to the canvass,—that is to say, the mere painting is sometimes powerful enough in effect on the mind to overcome all considerations of mere fitness and taste in design. Thus it is with regard to that well-known picture of 'The Graces adorning a Term of Hymen,'—portraits of the daughters of Sir William Montgomery, who respectively became Marchioness of Townshend, Hon. Mrs. Gardiner, and Hon. Mrs. Beresford,—a singularly whimsical design, on a large canvass, now in the National Gallery, the puerile conceit of which strikes nine observers out of ten, and rebukes admiration for the many admirable qualities it exhibits. There the ladies skip with most absurdly affected airs of grace and gracefulness; they charm no one now; the picture is as dead to the world as they are; its interest could not have outlasted even the brief duration of their beauty. The patron of our artist, Mr. Gardiner (afterwards Lord Mountjoy, father of the first Earl of Blessington, and grandfather of the Lady Blessington whose daughter married the once well-known and fashionable Count D'Orsay), desired to have their portraits representing some historical or allegorical subject. As the whole three were about to be married, there was some aptitude to that circumstance in the subject of the picture. What concerns us here is the fact that the primary idea of an allegory is due to the employer, not to the painter. There is an even more ambitious picture by Sir Joshua of the same class with this in its would-be dramatic order: it is the well-known 'Portraits of the Russell

Family,'—a work only less puerile in conception than those wonderful wall-paintings by Verrio and La Guerre, which illustrate the utter degradation of Art in this country during the early part of the eighteenth century, and were far more frequently before Reynolds's eyes—at least, more obnoxious to his mind—than they are now to us.

This picture of the 'Russell Family,' which was painted in 1777, displays the then reigning Duke fleshing what must have been a maiden sword upon the carcass of a prostrate dragon, and, while he brandishes aloft a gleaming buckler, showing the elegance of his form as it appeared in what was then, and long before, called 'a Roman habit,'—that is to say, buskins are bound about his legs, a kilt falls upon his thighs, his body is encased in that tightly-fitting vest, or armour, which has puzzled so many painters to decide whether it was made of silk or of steel—whether it would bend, or not rather act as a sort of strait-waistcoat to the wearer, and, if it kept him unhurt, would also make him harmless to others, according to the well-known saying by King James of armour in general. A young lady, Miss Vernon, the Princess Saba of this picture, interposes (so we read the design) for the vanquished dragon, or, as it may truly be, expresses the intensity of her gratitude at being delivered from the 'nasty thing,' which now lies prostrate at her feet. By way of enhancing the terrific effect of the incident there is placed, as if crouching in the corner, the figure of a youth, also in a sort of 'Roman' costume. Another youth attends the magnanimous victor, and looks over his shoulder, to no apparent purpose beyond that of showing his own face: as this was the principal end and aim of the whole picture, he is probably the best employed of the group. The crouching boy was Lord William Russell,—Courvoisier's victim. The Duke, or St. George, is well known to the inhabitants of Russell Square by means of his bronze statue and its attendant boys. The greatest folly of the picture is in the action of the young lady, who is in a costume that unhappily combines the Roman toga and the British bed-gown, which figured in so many of his portraits, and became so commonly accepted that it is really 'classical' in English portraiture.

The best portion of this picture was derived from an incident which shows as well as such a thing can do, the advantages Reynolds derived from

fidelity to nature in real life; that portion is the attitude of the crouching boy, little Lord William Russell. Lord William, like many other boys of his age, (he was born in 1767, so could have been hardly ten years old at this time), had a great disgust at the notion of being painted; and when compelled to come to the room where Sir Joshua was waiting, huddled himself against the wall in sulky anger and distrust.

Reynolds, who knew how to deal with children, and could manage them so perfectly that he contrived to paint more of them and better than any one else, cried out, 'Ah, my little man, keep where you are,' whence the incident we now see. The boy who looks over the Duke's shoulder, is John the sixth Duke of Bedford, who, after his brother's death in 1802, succeeded to the dignity, and was the father of Earl Russell. The Miss Vernon became Countess of Warwick, second wife of the Earl then in possession of that title, and died in 1838, a very old woman; she was married in the year of sitting for this picture, and had been a *protégée* of the Lady Ossory before mentioned here as mother of 'Sylvia and Collina.' It was this Miss Vernon who wrote complimentary verses to Horace Walpole associating him as a bard with that one whom the witty letter-writer styled his 'heathen predecessor,'—an honour Walpole declined, by asserting that he owed the name only to his godfathers and godmothers, and that it would only be allowed on that 'puppet-show Parnassus' Bath-Easton, a place the whimsical ways of which Madame D'Arblay so well described.

Lady Warwick was the eldest of the 'Three Vernons,' as celebrated by Walpole in verse. She was the subject of much writing by him to Lady Ossory. Of the group, he wrote, 'I have seen the picture of "St. George," and approve the Duke of Bedford's head, and the exact likeness of Miss Vernon, but the attitude is mean and foolish, and expresses silly wonderment' (Lord Orford to Lady Ossory, December 17, 1776). A note by Mr. R. V. Smith to Mr. P. Cunningham's edition of 'Walpole's Letters,' says that the picture was made for Mr. Rigby, Paymaster of the Forces, a great friend of the Bedford family, who intended to bequeath it to them, and beforehand told the Duke he might send for it. This was never done, either from modesty or indifference,—as the would-be donor fancied; probably he was

right,—one can understand that the very kindly and highly sensible Duke of Bedford would not care to possess a composition representing himself in youth so absurdly. It is now the property of the Earl of Jersey at Middleton Park. Thus, as with the picture before named of an allegorical subject—*i.e.* the Misses Montgomery, now No. 79 in the National Gallery—this work has passed out of the hands of those who were most concerned in its subject. It seems as if no one cares to have an allegorical picture by Reynolds. The Montgomery picture cost Viscount Mountjoy 450*l.* (Malone).

Reynolds painted another large family picture, that of the 'Marlborough Family,' now at Blenheim, which has been lately re-engraved, and is deservedly popular. It shows four children, and, according to the tale, illustrates what we said before of Reynolds's power in dealing with the youngsters. The principal incident in this composition is that of Lady Charlotte Spencer, a child of five years old (who, by the way, married no less ponderous a person than Dr. Nares of Oxford), in the act of terrifying her lesser sister Lady Anne, then not more than four years of age, with a huge mask, which she holds before her own face, and so startles the little one that she shrinks back and clutches, with a capitally rendered expression of terror, the dress of an elder sister, Lady Caroline Spencer, afterwards Viscountess Cliefden. Reynolds, who went to Blenheim to paint this picture, between the 13th of August and the 4th of September, 1777, had considerable difficulty in deciding upon an incident something like action for the design; this was after he had put in the principal and older personages, who, as the picture shows, are doing 'nothing in particular.' Coming suddenly into the family sitting-room he saw the little girls at play in this manner, and immediately adopted the hint. It is worth while to note here, as we are writing of Reynolds as a painter of children, that the little Lady Anne, who thus faced the tormentor, became Countess of Shaftesbury, mother of the present Earl of that name, and died—as we are strongly inclined to believe, the last to survive of Reynolds's sitters—no longer ago than the 7th of August, 1865, being then in her ninety-first year.

It was of this picture the story is told,* how Reynolds, a prodigious

* *See* Smith's 'Life of Nollekens.'

snuff-taker, and, like folks who indulge habits that can be unconsciously performed, apt to exceed therein in moments of mental energy, took so tremendous a quantity of his favourite stimulant while he was painting one of the ladies in this group, that it fell not only on his waistcoat, breeches, and stockings, but was strewn on the carpet, a new one, and the secret pride of the Duchess's heart, her Grace being, as it is said, a thoroughly 'notable' woman of the English sort, who hated 'litters,' and trembled to the bottom of her mind for the new piece of furniture. Heroically she bore the thing for a long time; at last female nature could hold out no more, the bell was rung, and a footman ordered to bring brush and pan, and relieve the carpet. Reynolds, being deaf, of course heard nothing of the order, but when he saw the order about to be obeyed cried out, 'Let it be—let it be! the dust you make will do much more harm to my picture than my snuff will do to your carpet.'* Thus it had to remain, but it must have been a hard trial for her Grace of Marlborough, and might probably have had something to do with the dissatisfaction she afterwards expressed about the likeness of one of her daughters when the picture was finished, and she went to see it in Leicester Square. 'I don't think it a bit like,' said she. Sir Joshua took advantage of his hardness of hearing, pretended (so Beechey told Leslie) to accept the remark in the contrary sense, and bowed to return the imaginary compliment, 'I am glad you are pleased with it; everybody thinks it the best likeness I have ever painted.' 'But I *don't* think it like,' cried her Grace, again. Still Sir Joshua did not hear, or would not do so, until some gentleman, urged by the lady, bawled into his ear. 'Not like!' said Reynolds; 'then we will make it like.' The price of the picture was 735*l.*

Reynolds's mind was so entirely bent in that direction which was obviously best suited to its action and training, that failure might be expected whenever he diverged from portraiture. He was by no means indifferent to, or unsuccessful in, attaining poetic expression for his pictures, either by

* 'I saw him at an Academy dinner, when his waistcoat was absolutely powdered with it (snuff).' So said Rogers. *See* 'Table Talk,' p. 21; also Goldsmith's line,—

'He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.'

means of their faces, actions, chiaroscuro, or backgrounds. What he did with the latter is at present in question here. The remark that Reynolds never safely left portraiture holds good, as we believe, with universal effect. In truth, his landscapes are really aptly chosen portraits of Nature: in them he was fortunate,—had poetry and magnificence at his hand; no artificial habits were to be mastered there,—no traditions were prepared to hamper him; his natural feeling did all he needed and all he aimed to do.

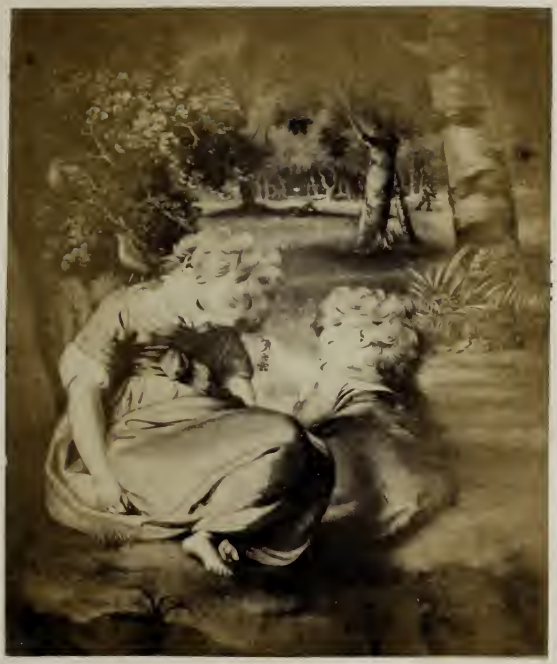
It may be worth while, for the sake of those who are not accustomed to recognise Reynolds as a landscape-painter, to state his eminent success in a few works of that class, wherein the rural subject accompanies, rather than is subordinate to the portrait or the story proper. Those who remember the extraordinary felicity with which accessorial landscapes were introduced by Reynolds, will not need to be reminded on that subject. How Reynolds stood in this matter in comparison with his great rival, Gainsborough, is another interesting part of this question, which, so far, proposes to decide on their respective merits; it has been said, and not without good reason, that Gainsborough surpassed Reynolds as a landscape-painter proper, and was decidedly inferior to him whenever that branch of art was applied to portraiture; the backgrounds of Reynolds' portraits are better than those by Gainsborough, the landscapes of Reynolds are not equal to those by his rival. Much may be said for the work of the latter in both respects; Gainsborough is not our subject here, yet comes incidentally in comparison with the painter of whom we are treating, because of this noteworthy contrast between them. Let us, however, see what Reynolds did in a development of design, which is not reckoned among those whereof he was master; it cannot but be to his honour that we select a few examples from among many, they come almost without the act of choice. Thus, to this end, note the open landscape in the background of that charming portrait of Master P. Yorke, a picture probably referred to in the artist's ledger as follows, 'March 1788, Mr. York, for Master York,* 105*l.*,' and representing a rosy

* Master Philip Yorke (Viscount Royston), son of the third Earl of Hardwicke, was drowned at sea in a storm off Lubeck, 1808.

boy playfully teaching a dog to 'beg,' and, with the prettiest action imaginable, admonishing his canine friend. The landscape here, to be in keeping with so cheerful and light-hearted a subject, has a bright aspect, and varied, smiling surface; there are well lighted, distant, not too-lofty mountains, and wealth of near herbage. The close landscape in 'The Children in the Wood,' where are deep vistas under gloomy boughs, and sparse gleams of light that lead the eye into the hopeless mazes of the forest, where all darkens in distance, is most apt to the theme. There are two pictures of this subject, one of them, that to which we refer here, has been engraved by Watson, is the property of Viscountess Palmerston, and now at Broadlands, and is 3 feet 3 inches by 3 feet 1 inch. The other work of this subject by Reynolds is smaller than the last, the figures are differently composed, closer together, and represent an earlier part of the story to the above, which shows the babes asleep; here they are prattling, one lying in the arms of the other, unconscious of their peril. This work was engraved by Caldwell and S. W. Reynolds, and is doubtless that referred to in the ledger we have before quoted thus, 'Nov. 1785, Mr. Vander Gutch,* for two children, 36*l.* 15*s.*' Caldwell's print describes it as in the possession of the last-named person. Viscountess Palmerston's 'Children in the Wood' was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1772, and at the British Institution in 1813.

The very small piece of landscape in that charming picture and painted poem 'A Child Sleeping,' so finely engraved by W. Doughty, although comprising only three or four tall park elms, as seen from a window, with a large somnolent-looking mass of cumulus behind them, backed further by a calm and deep space of firmament, is so perfectly in keeping with the subject of the picture that, as the child sleeps in the chamber, so, in all their boughs, the tall elms sleep without. This is no accidental result of grouping, as the student may see, who will note that one of the elms bows downwards in a soft incline, so as not only by its stooping to sustain the composition

* This was Vandergutch, the picture-dealer, who was drowned at Chiswick in 1794, thirty-second child of Gerard Vandergutch, the last of that line of famous engravers. At his house in Brook Street the first exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours was held.



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

with reference to the reclining child, a vital quality in design, but to suggest the idea of universal repose.*

How admirably is the mass of rainy cloud and wind-swept drift adapted to the subject of 'The Young Shepherd;' what ineffable value to the chiaroscuro of the picture is that light which glances on the leaning birch-stem, in the exquisite painting 'The Bird!' In 'The Infant Academy' how felicitously applied to the halcyon story of children at play in a palace, is that glowing wealth of summer cloud which, with all the light of afternoon beaming upon it, as on a platform of pearl, fills the opening between the columns in the picture, looks down upon high-heaped and dense foliage, from the bulk of which, like stridulous accents in pompous music, arise the sharp, sword-shaped pinnacles of a poplar or two. This was the picture chosen in pursuance to Sir Joshua's bequest to his friend the second Viscount Palmerston, father of the late minister, that he should have the second choice of any of the works by the painter remaining in his studio. It is now at Broadlands. The chief figure in this picture, known as 'The Mob-Cap,' was bought at the Rogers' sale, May 2nd, 1856, for Miss Burdett Coutts, for 780 guineas; it has been engraved separately. Lord Palmerston, father of the minister, was one of the pall-bearers at Reynolds's funeral.

The same admirable adaptation of landscape background to the varied subjects and portraits he produced, is observable in what Reynolds did of masculine as well as feminine and infantine themes. Thus, the 'Lord Heathfield,' defender of Gibraltar, now in the National Gallery, has a stormy sky behind the figure, which is as apt to the man and his history as the emblematical great key his hands hold, with a chain doubly twisted round the wrist,—an intensely expressive action. This picture was fervently com-

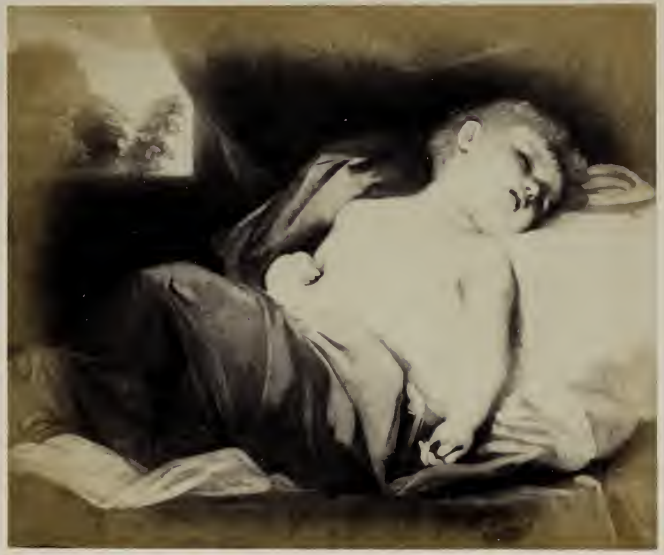
* It is worth while to note, as an example of faithlessness, or lack of insight, on the part of a copyist, that there exists an engraving in line from this picture, which is otherwise well executed, but totally innocent of the pathetic effect of the landscape. The student of Reynolds will do well to place the mezzotint by Doughty next to this line work by J. Summerfield; the contrast is instructive.

There is another engraving in mixed line and mezzotint, which is less unsatisfactory than that by Summerfield. The small print by S. W. Reynolds is by no means good. This picture was at the British Institution in 1813, 1823, 1843; it was the property of the Earl of Aylesford, to whom Reynolds sold it for 50 guineas.

mended by Constable in his 'Lectures.' The landscape with sheep that is proper to the seated portrait of Mrs. Frances Crewe, a lady as a shepherdess reading by the side of a rocky bank, is perfectly suited to the nature of the picture.

Nothing shows more powerfully the strange medley that has been made of Reynolds's subjects by ignorant engravers and publishers than the fact that this charming picture—it goes beyond the merit and scope of portraiture—has been variously named 'Mrs. F. Crewe (which should be Frances Anne, born Greville, *see after*), as a Shepherdess, reading "Clarissa Harlowe,"' and 'St. Geneviève reading, and attending her sheep.' This difference will be more obvious to the reader when we remind him that St. Geneviève was the patron saint of Paris, born a peasant of Nanterre, early in the fifth century, who, at fifteen years of age, made, or renewed, a vow of perpetual chastity, and, by the force of her holiness, influenced Childeric to spare the city of Paris many of those inflictions which befell other places when captured by him. She is more generally represented in the way Reynolds adopted—reading in a landscape; of old, however, she had a distaff, and other emblems of her career. The picture was exhibited in 1772, when Walpole noted in his 'Catalogue' that it was 'one of his best' works. It is, indeed, a lovely painting. Reynolds painted the lady many times; first, in 1760, with her brother, Master Greville, as 'Hebe and Cupid,' the latter figure was cut out of the canvas, and its place supplied by a tripod, when the wrathful father of the pair quarrelled with his son. Our artist again painted her, when Miss Greville, in 1768, with her tender friend, Lady R. Spencer,* a picture this year shown at the British Institution, wherein the ladies are reading an inscription on a tomb, that inscription being '*Et in Arcadia Ego!*' the moral consisting in the warning conveyed to the two youthful beauties who were then at the head of the fashion. There are clear indications of melancholy whims as entertained by the ladies at the time this picture was painted. Generally speaking, Mrs. Crewe was one of the liveliest of ladies. She went balloon

* Lady Robert Spencer, born Henrietta Fawkener, daughter of Sir E. Fawkener, K.B., married, first, the Hon. E. Bouverie; secondly, Lord Robert Spencer, third son of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, K.G.



THE SLEEPING CHILD.

mad, like the rest of the world, when Blanchard went up in 1784—Mr. Taylor tells us that she sent her glove up in the car, and that the Duchess of Devonshire, one of Reynolds's sitters, cut the rope. Mrs. Crewe was one of the 'women of the time.' She was a great friend of Fanny Burney's, often appearing in Madame D'Arblay's 'Diary,' where that authoress drew several charming portraits of her; but none better than that latest—of 1792 (June 10th)—which refers to her beauty as still splendid, although a quarter of a century after the sentimental Lady R. Spencer and she were thus depicted by Reynolds. 'She uglifies everything near her,' wrote Madame D'Arblay, in her daring English.* She was one of the beauties and toasts of her time—energetic in electioneering; the heroine of that supper which commemorated the election of C. J. Fox for Westminster in 1784, when the toast, 'True blue, and Mrs. Crewe,' was given, and she, with audacity that would shock a modern lady to death, returned it, her glass in hand, with 'True blue, and all of you!' Both Sheridan and Fox addressed her in verse. Mr. Cunningham, in his edition of Walpole's 'Letters,' quotes four lines by the former 'To Mrs. Crewe,' which have, as Walpole wrote, June 12, 1774,† when he enclosed them to Mason, 'one line about *squeezing* that is delightful.' To the best of our belief this is the sole happy case of employment for that term in the language,—

* Madame D'Arblay went with her father, Dr. Burney, for a three-days' visit to Mrs. Crewe (not yet Lady Crewe), at her villa at Hampstead, and then records the meeting with her very old friend:—'We were received by Mrs. Crewe with much kindness. The room was rather dark, and she had a veil to her bonnet, half down, and with this aid she looked still in a full blaze of beauty. I was wholly astonished. Her bloom, perfectly natural, is as high as that of Augusta Lock when in her best looks, and the form of her face is so exquisitely perfect, that my eye never met it without fresh admiration. She is certainly, in my eyes, the most completely a beauty of any woman I ever saw. I do not, even now, know any female, in her first youth, who could bear the comparison. She uglifies everything near her. Her son is with her. He is just of age, and looks like her elder brother! He is a heavy, old-looking young man. He is going to China with Lord Macartney.' Burke was of this party at the Hampstead villa, also Erskine and Lord Loughborough; they read together Rogers's 'Pleasures of Memory,' a book of the year, and stirring all the *cognoscenti* to their depths.

† There must be a mistake in these dates. According to Burke's 'Peerage' the lady was Miss Greville until 1776.

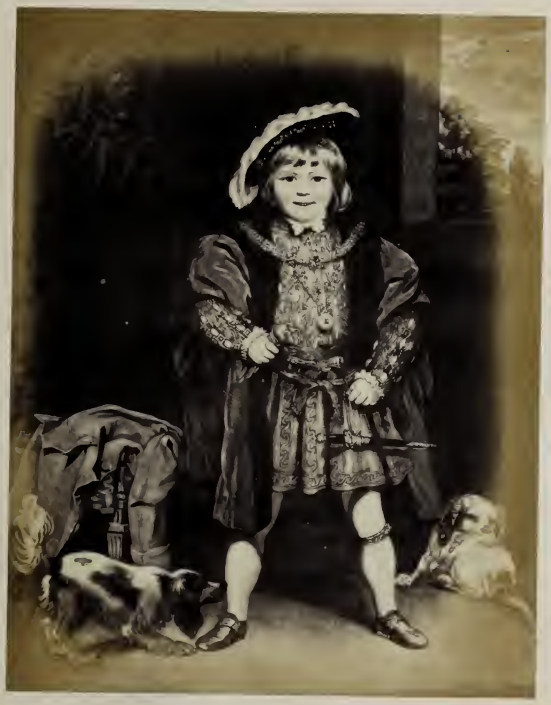
'The faithful hand can unobserved impart
The secret feelings of a tender heart;
And oh! what bliss when each alike is pleased,
The hand that squeezes, and the hand that's squeezed.'

Fox's lines may be read in the same work (vol. vi. p. 216). Those by Sheridan were sent to the lady with a presentation copy of 'The School for Scandal:' so says Mr. Cunningham; they are referred to by Walpole, as above, in a letter dated three years before that play appeared on the stage, which was in 1777, according to the biographer of the 'English Cyclopædia,' article 'Sheridan, R. B.' On the elevation of Mr. Crewe to the peerage in 1806, she became Lady Crewe. She died in 1818; was grandmother to the present Lord Crewe, who contributed to the British Institution, not only the portrait of 'Master Crewe as Henry VIII.,' but a still more pleasing one, that of 'A Child in a black hood, with a Basket on her arm' (No. 110), which we suppose to be the portrait of Miss Crewe, sister of 'Henry VIII.,' who sat to Reynolds in May, 1770. This is a charming little whole-length portrait—one of the fortunately-preserved pictures from Crewe Hall fire; shows a black mantled and hooded damsel of some four years old, trotting, as if to market, with a basket; her little hands, in long, brown mittens; an under dress of rosy white, a red shoe peeping beneath the petticoat; the innocent face full of sweetness and spirit. The management of so large a mass of black as this picture shows, cannot be too much admired. We are not aware that this picture has been engraved. The landscape is thoroughly in keeping with the subject, and it, on that account alone, deserves a place here with others which are selected to illustrate the ability of Sir Joshua Reynolds in such accessories.

How thoroughly suited to the look of the lady, 'The Hon. Mrs. Damer,'* is the landscape behind the figure; a calm expanse of water, part of a river flowing through lowlands, shut in, as if against all thought of wrong, by mountains that exclude the world; a charming portrait. 'Lady Betty Delmé'†

* 'June 17th, 1771. 35*l.* 15*s.*' So says the painter's ledger. A single figure, standing.

† The price of this picture, June 10th, 1780., was 300*l.* It is a large group, but shows in this sum the increase of payments to Reynolds since 1771, the date of the last item.



MASTER CREWE.

In the Costume of Henry VIII.

sits with her children in a park, beneath an immemorial tree; behind stretches a lordly park, that is traversed in more than one direction by shallow waters hurrying in cascades, and marked on the banks by sweet-scented limes in bloom,—another little idyll, very full of happiness and peace, of wealth and ease. The number of Reynolds's portraits of ladies has never been given, probably it cannot be ascertained with precision; it is beyond all question marvellous, but not less so is the variety of the attitudes in which he placed the sitters, that of the ideas he expressed, and of the accessories with which they are surrounded; to this end, and to show how successfully he fitted things together, background and figure, compare the portrait of 'Elizabeth Hamilton, Countess of Derby,' splendidly engraved by W. Dickinson, with that of 'Lady Betty Delmé' just named. It is the same everywhere.

We believe that Reynolds, of that English school of portrait-painters of which he was the founder, was the happiest in introducing backgrounds to his works; to him we are for the most part indebted for that aptitude of one to the other which has so great an effect in putting the eye and mind of the observer into harmonious relationship with what may be called the *motive* of the portrait, which, indeed, elevates a mere likeness to the character of a picture, and affords a charming field for the display of art in pathos, which is too often neglected, if not utterly ignored, by Reynolds's successors. We think he exhibited more of this valuable characteristic than any other contemporary artist. Lawrence aimed at it, but with effect only commensurate to his success in painting. Of old, as before the seventeenth century in Germany and Italy, the art of landscape-painting *per se* was inefficiently cultivated, at least expressed with irregularity, although occasionally with force enough to show that the pathos as well as the beauty of nature were by no means unappreciated or neglected to anything like the extent which has been commonly represented by writers on Art. Reynolds probably took the hint, as he did many others of the kind, from Vandyck, and gave apt backgrounds to his figures: between these painters no one did much, or even well in the pathetic part of the achievement. Since Reynolds, none have approached him in success. It will be understood that the object of these remarks is not to suggest for the reader's consideration who

painted the best landscape backgrounds as landscapes, but who most happily adapted them to his more important themes. We believe Reynolds did so, and will conclude our remarks by another example. The landscape in the distance of 'The Age of Innocence' is as thoroughly in keeping with the subject as it can be: thus here are fields easy to traverse, a few village elms, and just seen above their tops the summits of habitations,—the hint is thus given that the child, all innocent as she is, has not gone far from home, or out of sight of the household to which she belongs. This picture—which is now in the National Gallery, and temporarily at South Kensington—was bought at Mr. Jeremiah Harman's sale by Mr. Vernon in 1844 for 1520 guineas. It was exhibited at the British Institution in 1813 and 1843. Another, the property of the Earl of Lonsdale, was also exhibited there in 1833. The former was at the International Exhibition, 1862. The figure has been engraved with a background like that of 'The Infant Samuel,'—an odd change of sentiment.

The works in pure landscape by Reynolds may, for convenience sake, be aptly introduced and enumerated here. They are but few, and will not greatly impede our progress with the general subject of this essay. One of the most remarkable works in the Art Treasures' Exhibition of 1857 at Manchester was a noble engraving by J. Jones, from a picture once in the possession of the Marchioness of Thomond, entitled, 'A View of Petersham and Twickenham Meadows from Richmond Hill,'* and further described on the margin of the print to be the only landscape painted by Reynolds. This is the well-known view, one of the loveliest in the world, painted by Turner, and nearly every other English artist from the time of Zoffany—who, we

* Date, 1788; size, 3 feet 2 inches by 2 feet 11 inches; at the British Institution, 1813 and 1823. At the sale of Lady Thomond's pictures, 1821, Rogers bought this work for 155 guineas; at the Rogers' sale, 1856, it was resold for 430 guineas to Mr. F. Baring. 'At Port Eliot,' says Mr. Cotton ('Reynolds and his Works,' p. 64), 'is a long, narrow landscape—a view of Plymouth and the adjoining scenery—taken from the hill called "Catdown," painted by Reynolds in 1748, the year before he went to Italy.' This is rather dry and poor in painting. It was exhibited at the British Institution in 1823. Birch's print of 'Richmond Hill' was published in the '*Delices de la Grande Bretagne.*' Rogers reports Fox's opinion that Sir Joshua never enjoyed Richmond Hill, where he lived—that he used to say the human face was his landscape. Rogers owned the picture painted from this spot. This opinion needs much qualification.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

believe, did it first—to the present. There is a smaller print of this picture engraved by W. Birch, of Hampstead Heath, who was also an enamel-painter. This print is styled, 'View from Sir J. Reynolds's house on Richmond Hill.' The same engraver reproduced a landscape that was ascribed to Reynolds, entitled 'Conway Castle,' and is a faithful representation of the prospect from the east of that fortress, showing Penmaenmawr behind it, and, as we must say, not a little exaggerated in size. It is noteworthy that the same sort of enlargement has been vouchsafed to the hill in the background of the 'Richmond,' and suggested, we suppose, by the ridges near Egham: these are made to be about half as big again as in nature. S. W. Reynolds engraved three other landscapes, all having very effective characters. The first, which is probably that named in the Thomond Catalogue as 'A bold Landscape in the manner of S. Rosa,' gives a vista through trees that are densely gathered to the front, showing a park-like expanse, with a river in the mid-distance, a meadow beyond, with sheep upon it; further off a round tower appears among foliage; furthest of all a cliff rises against the sky. The second landscape so engraved represents a space of cultivated land, a few trees growing in a hedge-row; above, a dense cloud fills the whole upper third of the picture; the centre third is occupied by a mass of light and the before-mentioned trees in nearly equal portions; the lower third is filled by the landscape proper:—an intensely Rembrandtist effect. The third picture of this series shows a storm of rain over a mountain country, that is darkly shadowed by gathering vapours, and lighted imperfectly, but so as to display in the great obscurity rocks, a river, and massed foliage.* The first-named of these three landscapes had probably for its original that which was sold at the Marchioness of Thomond's sale by Messrs. Christie, May 18th, 1821, as 'A Woody Landscape,' Lot 48, to Mr., afterwards Sir George, Philips, for 48*l.* 5*s.* Another, or the same, was sold at Rogers's sale, May 2, 1856, as 'A Grand Woody Landscape,' for 105 guineas, to Mr. Pearce, of High Holborn, a picture-dealer.

* It is worth while to note here the price Reynolds received in January, 1785, of Mr. Brook Boothby, 'for a landskip'—57*l.* 10*s.* (*See* Mr. Cotton's printed version of Reynolds's 'Ledger.') Northcote's list of his master's works comprises 'Conway Castle,' as engraved by Birch.

It has been alleged that Reynolds never, or rarely, painted the landscape backgrounds to his pictures, and that they were the work of Peter Toms, R.A., one of his ablest assistants, or of others who were more potent with that branch of Art than the President himself. On this account, having a belief to the contrary, we have dwelt somewhat at length on this part of the subject, with the purpose not only to call greater attention to the matter in hand than is generally vouchsafed, but in order that the reader may see how completely and unobtrusively—therein is the wisest exercise of Art—the accessorial portions of the works in question are in accord with the motives of so many portraits by Reynolds. It is hard to deny to the mind which conceived the ruling idea of such pictures that honour which is assuredly due to some one, and to whom more probably than to the painter of the faces and designer of the attitudes, which are in such perfect harmony with the subordinate elements about them as to be completed only when the alliance is made. Without this alliance, this harmony of parts, half the significance of many of Reynolds's pictures is obscured. When we have noted this the result is at least instructive, if not convincing, that one mind designed, if one hand did not invariably execute, the whole of any important portrait by our subject.

Our own belief is, that whenever the landscapes or other accessories of his productions are essential to the idea expressed by the work as a whole, then undoubtedly Reynolds wrought these minor parts almost wholly, if not entirely, with his own brushes. The landscapes proper, to which we have referred above, bear every characteristic of the master's mode of thought: one of them was evidently believed by the Marchioness of Thomond to be his work; another was, as noted before, sold by himself to Mr. Boothby, and described in the 'ledger' in the manner commonly adopted with regard to his own pictures. That evidence which is afforded by a resemblance in the style of these works to the backgrounds previously named, or suggested by the fact that S. W. Reynolds engraved three of them, would, doubtless, not perfectly decide the authorship if taken alone, but when strengthened by collateral indications the result is powerful enough to remove all reasonable doubts of their authenticity from our minds. Of course it might be supposed

that the 'landskip' sold by Reynolds to Mr. Boothby was not understood as his work, but rather one of his numerous purchases of old pictures,—it was not, however, common with the President to describe sales or exchanges of this sort in his 'ledger' without particular reference to the nature of the transaction. Again, it may be said that although Reynolds sold the picture in question to Mr. Boothby, it might still have been the work of the painter of his landscape backgrounds,—if such a one, other than himself, existed. It is unfair, however, to accuse Reynolds of such an act as this, which would be of a very different nature to that of selling a picture, the accessorial parts of which were perfectly understood to be the work of another hand inferior to his own.

Thus far of Reynolds as a poet in painting. What he probably considered 'heroic' pictures were, generally speaking, works which cannot now be included in any category of grave, much less of sublime Art. We have now to consider him as the artist of what are styled 'religious' subjects. That he did nothing of the devotional cast, in the old sense of the term, it is almost needless to say; nevertheless, the most important of those productions of his which we shall now consider are to all intents, if not to all purposes, devotional pictures, and have been treated as such by the possessors,—in a way, withal, that contrasts strangely with the refusal of the authorities to admit pictures to St. Paul's, when Reynolds begged to be allowed to paint there, and the whole Royal Academy joined in the request. These productions—that is, the 'religious' pictures by Reynolds—most aptly represent a phase of thought that was sincerely entertained by some of the ablest men of the time: we are thankful now that they were not admitted to St. Paul's, but their sincerity is palpable by the practice of innumerable designers of considerable ability, as well as by that of many whose genius was unchallengeable in other paths. Men still living attest by the earnestness with which they speak of the pictures of West—which were, apart from technical qualities, far nobler and graver than those of Reynolds—how deep and genuine must have been the conception of better pictorial thoughts than those we now laugh at or sigh over, and are compelled to exclude, so far as it is possible, from consideration of our subject as an artist. We attempt this exclusion in order

that, when the trifles are brushed away, the core and masculine strength—the love of beauty—the wealthy fancy of the master, may be more distinct than it would otherwise be.

The British Institution gave 3000*l.*—a sum which, even now, would be considered enormous—for 'Christ healing the Sick,' by West; and when that cold picture was purchased, and presented to the nation, it was actually believed, not only by the donors, but the public at large, to be a grand work, 'worthy,' as one effusive reviewer wrote, 'to be classed with the productions of any age.'* Honour to West for what he did; it was his best; but now no one cares even to look at the picture, of which so much fuss was made. So sensible a person as Fanny Burney, who not only, as has been most happily said, 'lived to be a classic,' but was, in some respects, a link between more than two generations, and has translated the sentiments of the foregoing to the benefit of that which followed, was moved to the very depths of her heart by the appeal of pictures by Reynolds and by West that are now ridiculously ineffective. Thus one can well understand how it happened that the latter was looked upon as a sort of champion of goodness and of art. His personal character had much to do with these sentiments, but was by no means the only apology for feelings so warm as those which compelled a friend of ours, not many days ago, with tears in his eyes, to say, 'I stood behind the old man as he painted "Christ healing the Sick," and, with all my heart, prayed to God that he might happily complete so noble a work, and thought that, if my life could be the ransom for his success, I would

* West was offered, and, anticipating a larger sum, refused, 8000*l.* for 'Christ Rejected;' he hoped for 10,000*l.* This was no sign of greed on the part of the artist, who, although promised 3000*l.* for 'Christ healing the Sick,' would not consent to sell it for that tremendous sum until he was permitted to copy the picture for the benefit of a hospital in Philadelphia, to which the original had been promised in lieu of a subscription. He did this, and so effectually, that a new wing was added to the hospital, with accommodation for thirty patients. West's thoughts were grave, solid, not solemn. He had not a grain of poetry in him; poetry alone lives superior to the passage of generations, and appeals to all. He is now, if not almost forgotten, unjustly contemned. His fame was ludicrously out of proportion to his merits, but it was better deserved, because founded on sincerity and humility in art, than that of Sir Joshua, some of whose religious pictures fetched prices which are absolutely astounding; such is the case with regard to 'The Holy Family,' now in the National Gallery, 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' and the rest of the transparency in the window of New College Chapel, Oxford.

cheerfully lay it down.' Such sentiments as these are now almost incredible with regard to a picture that is being shifted from wall to wall in the public collection, and will be forgotten when it vanishes. It is not very long ago that earnest thoughts prevailed before that large unanimated canvas.*

If such was the case with regard to 'Christ healing the Sick,' we may guess at the ideas of men about Reynolds's tragic subjects—his mythological absurdities, his trivial sentimentalities in the picture-glass of New College ante-Chapel, with the design of which he was so well satisfied that he introduced his own portrait and that of Jarvis, the glass-painter, among the prominent characters in that sole portion of the subject which could be made to admit them. They appear as the shepherds in that famous composition, which is now accepted as no better than a peep-show, but which was then hailed as of golden promise for English design, then regarded as an achievement in vitreous art, now rejected as not only an utter failure in that respect, but because it is executed on principles of design which are falsely applied to the art of glass-staining. 'The Holy Family,' now in the National Gallery, is of the same stamp as the 'Nativity' of the ante-Chapel at Oxford—a mere collection of painter's models, depicted in the sentiment which is supplied by such persons, not by earnest intellects or poetic feelings.

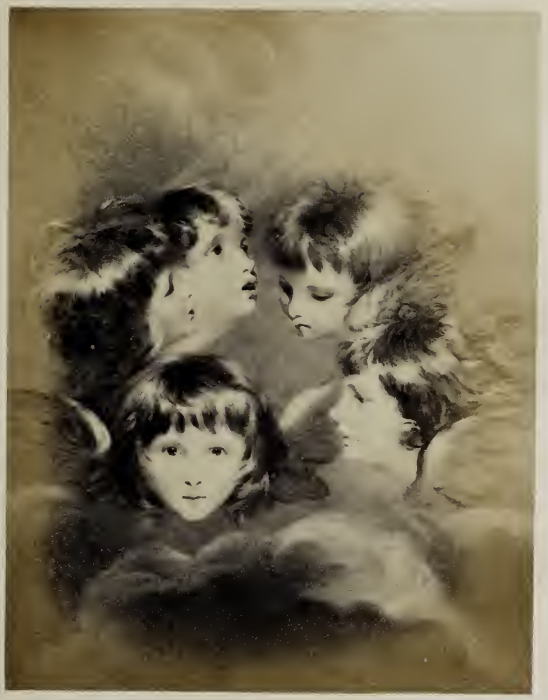
Thus far we have examined Reynolds's claim for admiration as a painter of ideal, mythologic, humorous, and dramatic subjects; that is, those which call for the higher powers of imagination. By the introduction of thought on what he achieved in landscape we have endeavoured to show that he was by no means deficient in feeling for pathos, or devoid of poetic sentiment; that sentiment and that pathos were, however, best conveyed by him to the mind of the student through forms and similitudes of ordinary nature; above this he rarely, if ever, rose.

The picture of 'The Angels,' now in the National Gallery, is a case in point; the face,—for only one is represented,—is as nearly angelic as a human

* The reception of Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' and 'The Light of the World,' by the same artist, attests that the change is in the spectators' knowledge, not the decline of religious feeling in this country.

portrait can be made, so we think. It is a most exquisite series of likenesses of Miss Frances Isabella Ker Gordon, only child of Lord William Gordon, second son of Cosmo George, third Duke of Gordon, and Deputy-Ranger of St. James's Park, who married, in 1781, Frances, daughter of Charles, ninth Viscount Irvine. This young lady was, therefore, niece of Lord George Gordon of the 1780 'No-Popery' riots, and, by descent from her father's mother, granddaughter of Queen Anne's and Pope's Earl of Peterborough, the victor of Valencia and cultivator of peaches. Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, married Lady Henrietta Mordaunt, daughter of the redoubtable Earl. Miss Gordon died, unmarried, at the Ranger's House, Green Park, Piccadilly, on the 2nd of September, 1831,—a house known, as those of other rangers may be known, by the pair of stags which occupied the piers in front of it. This house was removed when the Green Park—once called Little St. James's Park—was improved in 1841. It stood at the north-west corner of the Park. After the lady's death this picture was presented to the National Gallery—where it now is, numbered 182—by Lady William Gordon, her mother, in 1841. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1787, and at the British Institution in 1813, being then the property of Lord William Gordon, who died in 1823. The size of the picture is 2 ft. 6 in. high by 2 ft. 1 in. wide. Charming, ineffably sweet as these studies of a head are, there are few who will accept them as apt ideals of what they are called, and evidently intended to express,—*i.e.* 'Angels,' or 'Angels' heads.' They are neither seraphic nor cherubic, princely, dominating, or powerful; beautiful, full of grace and innocence,—angelic only in that respect they are; the earth is very sweet and fair, but still it is earthy. Lord W. Gordon gave 100 guineas to Reynolds for this work.

The poetry of home, of gentleness, refinement, education,—all that civilisation bestows or strengthens, Reynolds dealt with to perfection, by means of that tact, grace, and skill, of which he was perfect master. What Lawrence did in this way may be seen by comparing the famous portraits of the Calmady children, well known as 'The Sisters,' with 'The Angels' just named. Of course Reynolds transcended the fine gentleman who succeeded him in the Presidential Chair at the Royal Academy; nevertheless, we think he was



ANGELS' HEADS.

Miss Frances Isabella Ker Gordon,

in five positions.

a long way in the rear of the grand old painters of these essences and their like, Ghirlandajo, Angelico, or Raphael,—whose angels are more earthy than those of his predecessors. Reynolds was honester than Guido, and more refined than Murillo, as a painter of seraphic and cherubic beings, but he had not the strength, vulgar as it was, of the last. In home conditions he was a master: the amenities of the household,—the graces of the drawing-room,—the labours of the study, were by him immeasurably better treated than by others of his time, or since,—one might say of all time, so manly are his men's, so womanly his ladies', so fair, sweet, bright, and innocent his children's portraits.

Two pictures by Reynolds remain, so to say, in a class by themselves. These are 'The Infant Hercules' and 'Puck,'—works that are not professed portraits, and have the highest, or rather the widest, fame. They have in our minds very different degrees of merit in design: it is to design, as distinct from the inferior qualities of technical execution, that our remarks on all the foregoing works, where not otherwise specified, are directed. 'The Infant Hercules' is conceived with the greatest vigour and spirit; indeed, so it seems to us, it is the only first-rate example of Reynolds's success in that direction which is proper to it. The noble action of the child, the thoroughly pervading force of his figure, are perfect in showing how the great snakes that envious Juno sent to the cradle of Alcmena's gigantic babe were worsted, and spent their power in vain bucklings and convulsions. In the clutch of young Hercules their long bodies quiver and double, trembling and shuddering in every scale, their tongues vainly protrude, their starting eyeballs innocuously threaten; the while the boy thus grasps these monsters, one in the air and in a great knot, the other beating the floor in agony, he is unmoved,—his mighty head bows only with the stress of his grasp,—his brows knit with resolution and force exerted, not with puerile anger. The lower limbs are little moved. A very grand design.

Thus far it would have been well, we venture to say, if Reynolds had left the design in the state which is represented by the single figure of Hercules, which expressed the original idea, and remained in this country, while the larger and much-talked-of grand composition of many figures went

to the Empress of Russia, and is now among the glories of St. Petersburg. The smaller picture, according to 'The Life and Times of Reynolds,' by Messrs. Leslie and Tom Taylor, vol. ii. p. 484 (which author is responsible for this we cannot say), was designed, as to the attitude of the Hercules, from an old German woodcut in a book in the possession of the writer. From this, as it may be, the picture was made, with Reynolds's improvements and development of the idea. Earl Fitzwilliam bought a repetition of the principal figure, and, according to Mr. Cotton's version of the artist's ledger, paid, 'June, 1791, for "Hercules in the Cradle," 175*l.* 10*s.* in full.' This shows to us that our criticism on the larger work had been anticipated within a few years of its production. That larger picture was produced in pursuance to a commission from the Empress Catherine of Russia, who desired a work by Reynolds, and left the choice of its subject to him. Northcote tells us that his master made choice of this theme as most fit in allusion to the great difficulties the Empress had to encounter in the civilisation of her empire. The work was exhibited at the Academy in 1786, and attracted a storm of admiration: it was placed over the chimney in the Gallery at Somerset House, so that when the visitor entered the room by the opposite door its effect was overpowering. Northcote gives the capital criticism of W. Hodges, the landscape-painter, who went with Captain Cook on his second voyage, a pupil of Wilson, who declared that it looked as if it had been 'boiled in brandy,' so glowing was its colour. When the picture was about to leave England after it had been engraved, Reynolds took leave of it, saying to a friend, 'There are ten pictures under it,—some better, some worse.' This shows how earnestly he had worked out his idea. Yet that idea, except so far as regards the central figure, will in these days be accepted by few.

The point of the story chosen for the picture is that which describes the effect of the uproar caused in the house of Amphitryon by the attack and defeat of the serpents. Tiresias (said to be a portrait of Dr. Johnson, after the Streatham likeness) contemplates the event with that expression which so much delights the galleries of the theatre. The mother, Alcmena, in a wonderfully demonstrative attitude, such as mother never yet assumed, is going

to the rescue of her child, spreads out her arms over the infant and his enemies, and does nothing else in point, unless, as was indeed the point desired, it be right for her to make a fine pose. Her figure catches, and spreads the light through the picture, but its action is unapt to the last degree. Other figures fill the composition with well-ordered lines, but to very little aid in respect to the meaning of the design—at least they do so to those who look for something more than fine attitudes and effective expressions. As we should expect, the chiaroscuro of this picture is as fine as it can well be—perfectly apt, and most poetical—a worthy accompaniment to the magnificent design of the central figure. Those subordinate to the last are really only 'made figures' of the class common in all uninspired pictures; such, in fact, as Reynolds produced too frequently in those queer paintings, 'The Banished Lord'—a mere model, whose history we know; 'Dionysius Areopagita'—the same old fellow, with an attempt at expression of something it would be hard to describe; 'The Study from Nature'—an honester work in respect to its title—gives the same man without his whiskers, and having his hair brushed *à la Brutus*, and makes us sorry Reynolds did such things—mere stage-play, which might suit the Victoria Theatre and the gods, or even 'Her Majesty's' in an opera, but is, in painting, and by such a hand as his, absolutely and ludicrously puerile. 'Ariadne' is another, but pleasanter work of this class. It is really Miss Palmer with her back hair loose and blowing in the wind, and a bare bust. Inconceivable such an Ariadne, lorn of Theseus, opening her mouth in that ridiculous way, with no more passion in her eyes than in the painting, with no more energy of grief, or wrath at love betrayed, than led her to turn her neck over her left shoulder in the graceful way of young ladies when they know themselves looked at, or wish to be looked at:—a trick of the stage again, that great corrupter of art. But what chiaroscuro! what colour!

'Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy' is a picture upon the design of which few, we believe, can look with satisfaction. The utter inanity of the 'Tragedy'—fit companion as she is for the evil one behind Mrs. Siddons's chair in 'The Tragic Muse' picture—and the mere stage graces of the 'Comedy,' would have made it hard for so sensible a man as Garrick was, when off the

stage, to decide between them. He, nevertheless, evidently rejects the former, in which, on second thoughts, we must admit him to be right. Garrick proper was several times painted by Reynolds, and with admirable felicity,—best with that very characteristic action of his, having both arms resting on a table, their fingers interlocked, the thumbs erect and pressed together. This work has been finely engraved by Thomas Watson, but is a little flat, as his transcripts often are.

The other picture of a child with a dramatic subject, to which we referred above as not perfectly a portrait, and having the widest fame, is 'Puck.' No work has attracted more admiration by means of its liveliness, its technical felicity, than this one; the sums that have been given for it are enormous—unparalleled, we believe, for so small a work, in duplicate, if not in triplicate, and of a single figure. It was sold to Boydell, for the Shakespeare Gallery, for 100 guineas, to the same end that the energetic alderman gave 500 guineas to Reynolds for 'The Scene in Macbeth,' 'not yet begun,' as the often-quoted 'ledger' notes, June, 1786. This last amount, it is said, was a sort of bonus for Reynolds's good-will and aid in the Shakespeare speculations, he having been primarily very indifferent to that bold move, and ever accompanied in such neglect by the sneers of Walpole, who, as it would appear, because perfect success could not be anticipated in illustrating Shakespeare, would have been content to have nothing done. For 'The Death of Cardinal Beaufort,' which followed in the same track, Boydell paid an equal sum to the above, June, 1789. The history of the 'Puck' picture, as related by Mr. Nicol, Secretary to the Directors of the British Institution, to Mr. Cotton ('Reynolds and his Works,' 1856, p. 174), is instructive to the highest degree :—

'Alderman Boydell and my grandfather were with Sir Joshua Reynolds when painting the "Cardinal Beaufort" for the Shakespeare Gallery. Boydell was much taken with the portrait of a naked child, and wished it could be brought into the Shakespeare. Sir Joshua said it was painted from a little child he found sitting on his steps in Leicester Fields. My grandfather then said, "Well, Mr. Alderman, it can very easily come into the Shakespeare, if Sir Joshua will kindly place him on a mushroom, give him fawn's ears, and make a 'Puck' of him." Sir Joshua liked the notion, and painted the picture accordingly.'

No wonder Walpole wrote in his Catalogue, when he saw the result of this transmogrification of a lively town baby into the quaintest and strangest of minor goblins, the immemorial 'Robin Goodfellow,'—such was the first title of this 'Puck' in the Academy of 1789,—'An ugly little imp (but some character), sitting on a mushroom as big as a millstone.' According to his wont the critic understated the merit of an admirable picture: the work to which he referred is inexhaustible of character, splendidly spirited as a portrait of a gleeful baby, brimming over with life. Nevertheless, it is not a Puck at all,—as such, indeed, really an absurd picture, probably suggested by that fruitful parent of artistic dishonour the theatre, the occasion some stage-trick or pantomimic feat with a trap-door, 'Hey, presto!' and the like, with which the place of wit is supplied, and goes far to prove the source of antithesis. 'Puck' here looks as if he had popped up at a prompter's whistle, with 'Here we are again!' or whatever might have been the equivalent phrase in the last century. The suggestion of Mr. Nicol may have had its origin in the same source, or was certainly reproduced at the Princess's Theatre, when 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was performed not many years ago, and a poor wretch of an infant did its best with the part, which by right belonged to a lithe, sturdy, muscular goblin, such as Mr. Woolner produced in that unsurpassed statuette which appeared in the Royal Academy this year,—the sole satisfactory realisation, to our knowledge, of Shakespeare's most robust of sprites.

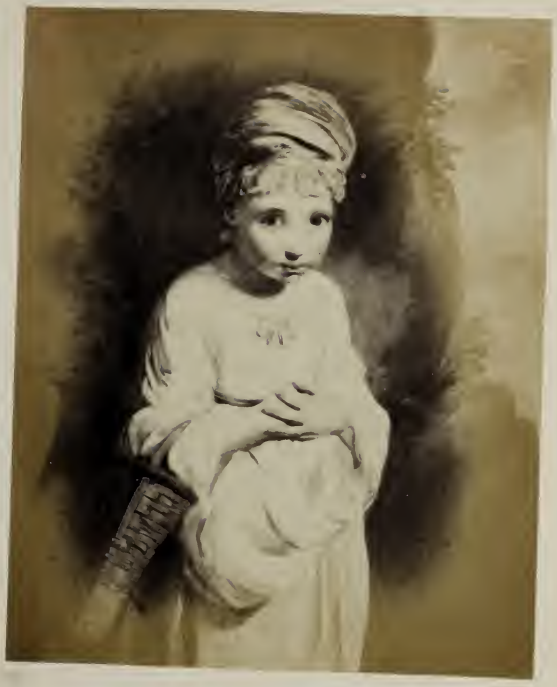
Earl Fitzwilliam purchased this picture at the sale of Rogers's effects for 980 guineas. It is said that the boy who sat for it, then lately a porter in Elliott's brewery, Pimlico, was in the room on this occasion. Rogers, who bought the picture at Boydell's sale, May 20th, 1805, gave 215*l.* 5*s.* for it. 'The Death of Cardinal Beaufort' was on the same day sold to the Earl of Egremont for 530*l.* 5*s.*; and 'Macbeth and the Witches' for 378*l.* to J. Felton, Esq. Time was already pronouncing his verdict in respect to the relative values of these pictures, 'Puck' being incomparably the best of them. Other claimants have appeared for the honour of sitting in childhood for the bright-eyed, lively baby on a mushroom, which goes by the name of 'Puck.' This picture was exhibited at the British Institution

in 1813, 1823, 1843, 1854, and 1860. It has been engraved by Testalini, Schiavonetti, and others.

According to Malone, a testimony that is amply borne out by Sir Joshua's practice, 'It was one of his favourite maxims that all the postures of children are graceful, and that the reign of distortion and unnatural attitudes commences with the introduction of the dancing-master.' This is unchallengeably true, so we believe; we have committed the training of our bodies, not to Nature, but to persons who, because of the mere traditions of their practice—dancing being neither an art nor a science—are wilfully ignorant of her ways, and so stultified by convention, that even if they have natural ability to see what is right and graceful they dare not follow its dictates, and soon forget their existence. It is the same with our tailors, dressmakers, bootmakers, and others, who, ignorant of Nature, and untrained and unendowed in Art, take charge of those persons which we are foolish enough to commit to them. The testimony of Reynolds may be said to be conclusive on this point. No one knew better than he what was natural in a child. If 'Puck' is neither the 'Puck' of Shakespeare nor the 'Robin Goodfellow' of an older belief, he is one of the most impudent, spirited, hilarious of infants, enshrined on a canvas that is a masterpiece of tone and chiaroscuro in glowing colour. The size of this picture is 3 ft. 5 in. high, by 2 ft. 5 in. wide.

If anything were needed to prove the mastery—and that entire love for his subject which accompanies it—by Reynolds over childlike themes, the nearly perfect 'Strawberry Girl' would suffice, without other examples. A little damsel is returning home at twilight, stealing past a rock that hides a corner of her road, and rises behind her above the picture, giving beyond to our right a view of the rest of her road. She has one of those hideous mob-caps* on her head, which none but Reynolds could make acceptable in an equal degree, and which he painted as if they were the most piquant or elegant garments. Upon her right arm hangs a pottle, the handle encircling it, the hand thrust through. Her hands are crossed upon her breast; a breast-knot and shoulder-ribbons decorate her dress. With the fixed, demure smile of childhood, and yet not without some alarm at her

* Another version differs from that to which we refer here in respect to this cap.



THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

evident loneliness, her eyes—'great, big' eyes, of solemnest expression—look out of the picture with anything but a vacant aspect of expectation, not unmixed with terror. The little apron she wears is twisted over her crossed arms.

For this picture Reynolds received from Lord Carysfort, June 1774, 52*l.* 10*s.*,—probably not the whole price. It was exhibited in 1773, when Walpole, as well he might, wrote '*Charming!*' in his Catalogue with reference to it. We are uncertain whether or not this picture that was thus sold to Lord Carysfort is the same as the one which afterwards became the property of Rogers, and at his death was sold to the Marquis of Hertford for 2100 guineas,—said to be the highest price given for a 'Sir Joshua' of this class. 'Count Ugolino and his Children'—no picture of our loving* —was sold to the Duke of Dorset for 4000 guineas, and is now at Knole, the property of Lady Delawarr. The 'Strawberry Girl' was exhibited at the British Institution in the years 1823, 1833, and 1843. With the 'Nelly O'Brien' and 'Miss Bowles,' likewise the property of the Marquis of Hertford, it was at the Art Treasures' Exhibition, Manchester, 1857. It has been engraved by Thomas Watson, S. W. Reynolds, and, recently, by Mr. G. Zobel; the last copied the 'Rogers' picture.

'Reynolds considered this one of his best works,' says Mr. Cotton, 'and told some one that no man could ever produce more than half-a-dozen really original works in his life; and, he added, pointing to this picture, "that is one of mine."' According to Northcote, he repeated it several times, not for profit, but for improvement. It may have been that this desire for improvement was the primary motive here, but it is nevertheless certain that he did not scruple to sell his essays to that end.

As we turn over the portfolios of any large collection of portraits by Reynolds, it is with an increasing admiration and wonder at his success with so many subjects, characters, and personages. The time-worn student,

* Fox did not much admire Sir Joshua's pictures in the grand style; he greatly preferred those of a playful character; he did not much like even the 'Ugolino,' but he thought the boys in 'The Nativity' charming. (*See* Rogers's 'Table-Talk.') A host of critics amused themselves at the President's expense, with regard to such pictures as those 'in the grand style.'

as in Dr. Mudge, is fairly represented; so the hardy soldier, as in Colonel Tarleton;* the veteran, as in Lord Heathfield; the judge in his robes, as Lord Thurlow, or that far finer portrait of Lord Chancellor Camden, seated in his dress of office,—a design as grand as a statue, and as full of repose, yet full of life withal;—there is also a standing figure of this judge, engraved by J. G. Haid, also by Ravenet and by Basire, immensely characteristic of Reynolds's freedom from affectation in painting portraits: here the judge lounges between a chair and a table, his elbows on the former, his left hand on a book that is sustained by the latter, the face full of expression;—the peer, in his proper costume, as in the Earl of Bath; for Reynolds specially enjoyed the spreading and varied masses of heavy, soft, and splendidly-hued velvets,—the contrasts of ermine, lace, silk, and gold. A nobleman in *mufti* was, however, almost as acceptable to him as when magnificently arrayed.

Apart from technical matters, Reynolds's chief aim seems to have been to deal successfully with character; hence what we said at first of his success in representing mental energy and emotion. This power to penetrate, that has been just now alluded to, exercised itself most happily in regard to this aim. Take the portrait of the short-sighted Joseph Baretti, so finely engraved by Watts,—we see at once what a master of character was our artist. The learned man sits in his chair, just as at home, and with perfectly composed features reads from a volume that is held close to his eyes, and grasps, or rather clutches it, with an action that must have been perfectly familiar to his friends: his reading-glasses, out of use when this attitude could be assumed, are pendant by a ribbon from his neck. It is as if, dead although he is long since, we looked at the man and were not seen by him,—so supremely free from observation, so unconscious of himself is the sitter in that roomy arm-chair. The effect of this is wonderful, yet perfectly common with Reynolds, who gave personal peculiarities with a simplicity that dignified them, and was as different in that respect from Lawrence as it was possible to be.

* This was the—

'Lo! Tarleton dragging on his boot so tight,'

of Peter Pindar, 'First Lyric Ode to the Royal Academicians.' Unfortunately the Colonel is represented by Reynolds as doing something quite different from this action. Dr. Mudge was Reynolds's old and much-beloved Plymouth friend, and father of the boy referred to in this book.

Macaulay describes Wilkie as 'gazing with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's "Baretti."'

When he painted Sterne with a forefinger against his temple, how keenly does it show him to have been alive to character! Sterne, the shrewd, witty, shallow sentimentalist, with a twisted vein of poetry in him, and for ever self-conscious, attitudinizing after his wont, with glittering eyes looking at us, and in a position that is more suggestive of a wish to be thought thoughtful, than really indicative of thought. No portrait has been so frequently engraved as this one, although best, probably, by E. Fisher, and well by Ravenet. It will be familiar to all readers, and suggest the intensely powerful perception of Reynolds. 'This portrait was painted,' says Mr. Cotton, 'for the Earl of Ossory,' of whom we wrote before as the father of 'Sylvia' and 'Collina,' and, when he died, came into the possession of the late Lord Holland, on whose death it was purchased for the Marquis of Lansdowne, the price being 500 guineas.

The portrait of Mason, Reynolds's and Walpole's friend, is much simpler, and, of course, truer. It is note-worthy that Reynolds painted Goldsmith, alone, of all his intimates, with anything like affectation or assumption in the pose of his portrait. Goldsmith possessed not a little of that whimsical self-esteem which is asserted by certain peculiarities of manner, and exhibited just the least dash of attitudinizing.* It would almost seem that the better he liked a man, the more freely did he paint him—*e.g.* the portrait of Dr. Mudge, with the old velvet cap, more like a cushion, on his head; almost a Rembrandt. He liked Johnson heartily—we know how unceremoniously he treated him; Garrick less so, in both respects; Boswell came off very well indeed; so others in their degree.

The character of Sir Brook Boothby may be read in his face; he often appears in the list of Reynolds's friends and pictures.† Can we doubt that

* The poet dedicated his most beautiful poem, 'The Deserted Village,' to his friend the painter, and did so soon after this portrait was finished. Miss Reynolds remarked of the picture, that her brother never gave a more striking proof of his excellence in portrait-painting than in giving dignity to Goldsmith's countenance, and at the same time preserving a strong likeness.

† This baronet is interesting to all students of Reynolds as the father of that demure, shy, soft-eyed little Miss Penelope (No. 70 at the International Exhibition, painted in July, 1789), a

Admiral Lord Boscawen, standing bareheaded on a sea-shore, between a huge conch-shell and a stranded star-fish, is an apt portrait of the man? The background here is absurd enough; one of the few examples of that sort by Reynolds; but the expression of the sideway-held face, as if he listened, the shrewd eyes, the closely-set lips, are signs not to be misread. There is another portrait, by Reynolds, of this Admiral, showing him with a hat upon his head, and in the contrast of that circumstance, reminding the observer of Johnson's well-known lines:—

> 'I put my hat upon my head
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand.'

What a nervous, irritable, yet powerful face is that of Burke, which recalls the word-portrait Madame D'Arblay made at the Hastings trial:—'The man looks full of energy, but not with certainty, swayed by judgment, eager and impassioned, rather peevish and sudden in temper.' Reynolds did not shrink from painting Lord Cathcart, as at his own request, with the crescent-shaped patch upon his cheek, close under the eye, marking a wound received at Fontenoy, because he knew the man was a soldier, and proud of war's signature. On the other hand, he depicted a certain Prince of the Blood in an ineffable attitude of vanity, and, like a young Apollo of a levée, stepping down a magnificent flight of stairs, his forefinger pointing in an act of quasi-command, the other hand upon the hilt of a court-sword, the whole costume upon the man being such as one sees in vogue at a 'drawing-room,' and the expression of the youth such as might indicate how, in the majesty of serene anger, and with Apollonian grace, he was about to draw the

darling, quite an angel—and soon to be an angel, probably, for she died soon after the picture was painted—in her quaint mob-cap, black sash, and mittens; her pure, small hands put before her, just as if she felt there was something, probably of the house-keeping sort, to be done in this world, and she must consider her share. How tenderly the eyes—pretty eyes—smiled from under those gold locks! Sir Brook Boothby was deep in all the blue-stockingisms of the time—a great friend of Miss Seward, Dr. Darwin, and the Edgeworths. He wrote 'Sorrows sacred to the Memory of Penelope,' folio, 1796, with an inspiration that will be obvious enough to all who see the exquisite likeness of his child.

princely weapon from his side, and, unmoved, slay a tardy footman at his carriage-steps, and then drive on composedly.

No design could be prettier, and at the same time simpler, than that capital family group of Lord Clive (the First Lord), Lady Clive, and their child. The first lounges on the back of a chair; the second stands opposite looking out of the picture, or to some spectator, and as she does so chucks the infant under the chin; the latter turns to its mother and looks in the same direction, with an expression of ineffable serenity,—the whole action of the figure of the child being infantine, even to the puerile unsteadiness of its legs. What abundant recognition of humour and wit is in that portrait of George Colman, who sits at a table as if he listened, and was ready with a quaint suggestion or incisive jest to cap the man who speaks to him. One hand is in the breast of his coat; his cheek rests upon the back of the closed fingers of the other; his eyes twinkle with ready thoughts. Here is no ultra-refinement,—the coarseness and the vigour of the sitter are all given. The engraving from this picture by E. Scriven has much more character than the bolder and heavier mezzotint by G. Marchi; the latter shows a coarse, bloated, but powerful face. In the same happy mood for characterising men in pictures Reynolds painted that admirable portrait of Mr. John Crawford, which was engraved by J. Grozer, and represents him with an air of deliberation pinching his long and pointed chin, and smiling, as if he must soon speak and overset some talker's paradox.

The portrait of the Earl of Errol, although one of the finest of its class, and having been magnificently engraved by Thomas Watson, has too much of the quality of a state picture, is too demonstrative in its attitude, too conscious of its robes, to please the thoughtful among those who applaud Reynolds: it puts such as these in mind of those royal portraits that, in the artist's pocket-book, are so quaintly registered thus,—'In the house, two kings, one queen. At the Academy, five kings, four queens.' Reynolds kept these things ready for delivery when presentation-pictures of royal personages were required; being Court-painter, he did as others were expected to do, and found a profit in it. Yet there is something ludicrously ignominious in the idea of these pieces of state furniture standing

with their faces to the walls in Leicester Square or at Somerset House, waiting the time for presentation to some one who placed them on the wall of his house and forgot them, or to any exuberantly loyal town which might be cheaply recompensed with permission to place the royal figure in a municipal chamber, where, ere long, it would soon be as completely unnoticed with the painted side to the light as before when the back of the canvas was seen.

Reynolds's portrait of the Marquis of Granby, the sign-board hero, whose right to give a name to inns is now little understood, has a sign-board glory,—which is, after all, a fair immortality. A multitude of swinging boards yet retain the *pose* in which our artist placed the hero, though some of the paintings on them are sadly blanched in the sunlight and stained in the rains of three-quarters of a century; others have been restored more severely than true Sir Joshuas. The bald forehead and bluff cheeks that delighted English gazers many years ago, when their owner returned from the wars, the crossed lappels of the coat upon his breast, the aiguillettes on his shoulder, so familiar on the signs, are of Reynolds's painting in the first case, although multiplied indefinitely. Our artist depicted the Marquis at least three times,—twice bare-headed, once with a military cocked-hat.

Very few portraits by Reynolds surpass in the breadth of their chiaroscuro or the richness of their tone that admirable 'Sir William James, Bart.,' of the Hon. East India Company's Service, now at the India Office, and perfectly engraved by John Raphael Smith; an officer with one hand upon his hip—very different in that respect from the ever-recurring pictures of this attitude; the other hand rests on an anchor, and bears an unrolled drawing, the white of which is most skilfully employed to accompany that of the neckcloth and ruff,—the luminous quality of the face is enhanced rather than depreciated by this arrangement; the large, long-lappelled waistcoat, with its splendid embroideries and wide pockets, passes from the neck to the thigh, and carries a superbly enriched mass of half-tone through the whole picture, which is further supported by the laced cuffs and front of the coat. The face is not less to be admired for its reserve and quietude of expression,—clear, English-

looking, yet thoughtful eyes, and precise, well-set lips. Few portraits are richer in tone than that of Soame Jenyns,—none more completely refutes the complaint of inferior artists that modern costume is intractable in painting. The subject sits almost erect, and wears the every-day dress of Reynolds's time, but not disposed with the prim regularity of surface that is so much desired by tailors and common painters; on the contrary, it is creased all over. Hence its richness of tone and surface come out perfectly in W. Dickinson's capital print; the waistcoat looks as if it had been worn for years, so confirmed are the pipe-like folds that follow the buttons and go across the chest of the wearer. Admirable is the disposition of lines in this picture; the chiaro-scuro is wholly different from that in most of its class, and as satisfactory as it is artless. The face is not a handsome one, but very kindly in expression, and highly intelligent; it shows no attempt at sophisticating, no 'beautifying,' —artifices to which even Reynolds condescended when he had to deal with fashionable or vain folks, but never with his friends who were free from those follies. The portrait of Goldsmith is in point on this subject,—seems in its rather pompous superficial aspect, but really subtle and affectionate treatment of the subject, as holding a book, and wrapped in a student's cloak, to convey a little dry satire on the much-beloved Oliver's affectation as a learned man, writer of English and natural history, themes treated by none more pleasantly than by him, but by few with less study or less real learning.

On the other hand, what a perfect portrait is that, among many, of Dr. Johnson, which shows him as short-sighted, heavy-shouldered, and awkwardly holding a book, half the leaves of which are folded back, while he reads from the others which lie flat, and are held close to his eyes! As with that other portrait of a half-blind old man, Baretti, its charm is in the expression of the eyes, which, old, worn, ill-treated friends of the man as they were, differ from each other in that expression. The reader seems to see with the lower part of his eyes,—such is the case with many whose vision has become defective. The peculiar expression of those nearly worn-out eyes of Johnson's appears again in that likeness which was nobly engraved by William Doughty, and contains one hand only that is placed

against the lower part of his chest, nearly full-faced, and looks a little down: this is the best-known of several portraits by Reynolds of his rare old friend.

According to Mrs. Piozzi, Johnson was not pleased with the first-named of these portraits. He told her that Reynolds, who had painted himself for the Streatham Gallery with his ear-trumpet to his ear, as if deaf, 'might paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but I will not be *blinking Sam* in the eyes of posterity.' Thus the story is told by Northcote (vol. ii. p. 3). Malone says the Streatham portrait of Sir Joshua had his hand to his ear (p. lxxvii.). This work sold at the Thrale sale, May 10th, 1816, for 128*l.* 2*s.* That of Dr. Johnson, as Fanny Burney recorded with gladness, fetched the highest price, 378*l.*,—now in the collection of Sir Robert Peel.

No portrait, imaginary or otherwise, is less known than that which is called 'The Infant Johnson.' This work, which is a small one, now the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and preserved in the drawing-room at Bowood, is one of the few repetitions by Reynolds of that practice in caricature in which he indulged while young and at Rome, but, from motives of policy as well as of taste, abandoned at an early period. Dr. Johnson, whom we have seen to be not insensitive with regard to his personal defects, need not have been annoyed by this good jest; and, if he ever saw it, must have laughed with the rest of his friends at the spirit and humour of the little picture of himself as Reynolds imagined him to have been in childhood. There is something of the true nature of wit in the way with which the heavy brow of the adult Doctor is hinted at by that of the meditative babe who sits before us, Brahmin-like and quiescent. The picture tells its own story. It has been engraved, but is comparatively little known. It is in the same room with the 'Strawberry Girl,' 'Hope nursing Love,' 'Mrs. Baldwin in a Turkish dress,' and 'Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia,' by Sir Joshua; 'The Mill,' by Rembrandt; a magnificent 'Storm,' by Ruysdael; and many other treasures of the highest rank in Art. The colouring of 'The Infant Johnson' is very fine and delicate,—rather unusual in pearliness for a Sir Joshua. The first Marquis of Lansdowne married, secondly, in 1779, Louisa, who was mother of the late Marquis of Lansdowne, and daughter of John, Earl of

Upper Ossory, sister to 'Collina' and 'Sylvia.' The first Marquis was the Earl of Shelburne, who is before mentioned as sitting with Dunning, Lord Ashburton, and Colonel Barré, in Sir Joshua's picture, which is sometimes called 'Junius.'

The student will not readily forget the ease of design in that capital portrait of Sir John Lade, Bart., as he sits with a hat in his lap, a spaniel jumping up. The Duke of Leinster's portrait is another example of freedom in composition—that is, of the mastery of Art, which is above Art—a wonderful richly-toned picture, and in the mezzotint from it by Dixon, supplies what Mr. W. Smith is undoubtedly right in believing to be the finest English work of its class. Lord Ligonier on horseback, now in the National Gallery, is prime in its class. Superbly painted, magnificently rich, the seated portrait of Lord Loughborough, that has been so finely engraved by Grozer, shows how perfectly the master managed a mass of light-toned robes, and how he could impart the aspect of dignity to such an uncouth thing as a judge's wig; the disposition is perfect of the darker dress, as it appears through the openings of the robes. As we saw before in the 'Sir William James,' Reynolds never feared to introduce a mass of bright white, or even brilliant colour, near his flesh-painting; with him, by means of its wealthy tones, the execution of the latter never failed to remain more luminous, and accordingly more effective with the eye of the spectator, than any other part of a picture: the reverse is common in common portraits, because of the inability of their painters to supply that luminous quality of nature in rendering which great artists have shown their ability. Ordinary painters render a sheet of white paper, or piece of linen, and human flesh with equal deadness of colour and opacity of tone: the chiaroscuro of Nature, which was that of Reynolds, differs from theirs; she relieves and intensifies, not by mere absence of colour, as in white, but by the ineffable variety of the tinting in her most perfect work. Hence,—

> 'The white and red,
> By nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,—'

is invariably more brilliant, or rather more effective with the eye, than the

purest unbroken white, which simply reflects, without absorbing any of the tints. Hence the closer we look into a piece of Nature's colouring, the firmamental blue or the human face, the more intense does the variety of colour appear, the more exuberant the wealth of tone.

We fear sooner to exhaust the reader's patience than the examples of fine art in portraiture of men by Reynolds. Every one of his pictures is a biography,—not with the worst and coarsest feature of the sitter developed, as in a common photograph; never with the angles smoothed away to inanity, as in that vain panegyric an emasculated likeness. On the contrary, as we said at first, and hope to have shown by examples selected without difficulty, he succeeded when he followed Nature; he failed most completely when anything artificial was introduced. Of the portraits proper he was, probably, least successful in that of the King, who was to him a very artificial being. Yet he certainly did not fail to make something not unpleasant to the eye of the lean form and features of Queen Charlotte,—then, it is true, at her best time of life. It is hard to say where he succeeded best,—in what class of male portraits he did most fortunately. Yet he painted the most famous of nearly three generations. First, those in old age while he was young; next, his own contemporaries; lastly, those who followed them, and were, while he was old, to be the masters of their world. Judges, soldiers, sailors, literati,—scores of men who were neither one nor the other, but in whose features he found character, not false dignity,—county gentlemen by the score,—lawyers by the dozen,—statesmen, and those who were merely politicians,—a few, very few artists,—scientific men of the highest and lowest standings,—all came and talked, sat to, and were painted by our master,—some, as was the truth, indeed, as if they felt his hand alone conferred immortality. The most noteworthy men of three generations sat to Reynolds in St. Martin's Lane, in Newport Street, and in Leicester Square: it was the fashion to do so, and many pretended to admire what they did not understand.

If the men came to the first-named two residences of Reynolds, the women did so even more frequently to Leicester Square, which was destined to be the centre of his success, the haven of his fortune, the field of his distinction,

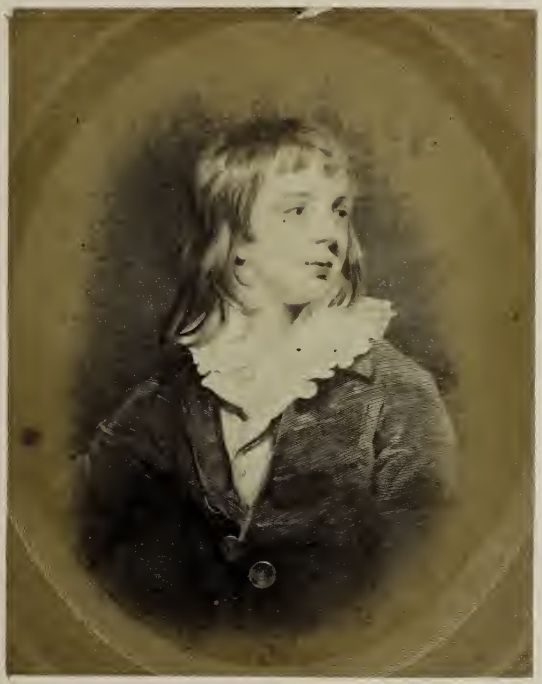
and place of his death. If he succeeded in painting the men finely, his achievement with regard to the ladies was incomparably greater. The profusion of successes in this respect which fell to the lot of Reynolds, leaves us very little reason for classifying the subject upon one plan in preference to another; therefore, as most collections of engravings after our artist's works are arranged alphabetically, it will be convenient to speak of the examples here selected in that order.

Hardly any whole-length portrait by Sir Joshua surpasses in solidity, chiaroscuro, and grace, that famous one of Lady Mary Broughton, a young woman, who, with a port-crayon and book in her hands, stands close to a marble table, having one foot raised upon the step above the level of the floor. The dress is white, patterned with sprigs of flowers; as to colour, one of those charmingly fresh-looking robes which seem not to exist in these days of ours. A light scarf is disposed carelessly about the lady's shoulders; her hair is turned up from the face it surrounds; a long double-plait comes from behind and falls to the bust in front. There is a little affectation in the action of the right hand with the port-crayon, but none in the superb sweep of the body and noble limbs, which are marked in the fall of the draperies around them; the long folds of these draperies reach to and gather about her feet, exposing the shoes. As Reynolds painted it, Lady Broughton's dress is as graceful and more reticent of the contour than any Greek robe,—a magnificent piece of drapery. The craft with which this costume has been treated by the painter in respect to form is equalled by that which dealt so ably with the light and shade of the garments, and the more general chiaroscuro of the picture. The figure is absolutely grand in its beauty,—English in character, yet not without a certain Orientalism of luxury in its treatment.

There is a curious illustration of the spreading of Reynolds's work over the world for which we are indebted to Mr. Caley, of Messrs. Colnaghi's establishment. It is worth noting here, not only as connected with the portrait now in hand, but for its own sake. A relative of Lady Broughton, who had then but just returned from the Chinese war, came into the rooms of Messrs. Colnaghi in Pall Mall, bearing in his hand an impression of

J. Watson's superb print from the portrait to which we now refer, on which was written the name of the lady in question. He did not—so strangely had the print come into his hands—believe it was thus truly named; was even in doubt if it were an English engraving from an English picture, and sought satisfaction on those points. Having bought the print for two pice in a back street of Pekin, he had good reason for scepticism. The inquirer went with the expedition which first set foot in that most imperial of imperial cities, the sacred seat of the Chinese empire, and of all in the world the metropolis where a man could least expect to meet a picture of his ancestress by Reynolds. The surprise of the inquirer may be guessed when he learnt, not only that the work was English, and by Sir Joshua, but an engraving from a portrait of his relative, which he, so it chanced, had never seen. The impression was a very fine one of a plate which is by no means common in any condition, and less so when fairly reproduced on paper. How it got to the imperial city is a mystery hard, indeed, of solution. It may be some Russian traveller, fond of Art, and especially in love, as were so many of his countrymen of the Empress Catherine's days, with the productions of our master, took it overland to the Chinese frontier, and lost it accidentally or by theft: it is much less likely that some ship was plundered on the Chinese coast, and had this print among its treasures, which so, at last, made its way to utmost Pekin, and was found there by the first captors of the place. One explanation is almost as strange as the other; the reader may choose between them, or devise a third.

Another beautiful lady's portrait is that of Lady Carlisle, engraved by James Watson, which shows her in a pensive attitude, with one arm across the bough of a tree; the face looks down with the thoughtful smile of a happy woman; behind, a landscape of rich, park-like country, stretches in belts of trees and barer spaces to the horizon, where a line of hills catches the light of evening. The Countess wears a dark cloak, lined with ermine, a lighter under-robe is wrapt about her form, fair, round, and modestly unconfined as that is; a broad, loose, embroidered belt rests upon her hips; a narrow scarf entwines a heavy mass of plaited tresses, and with it, rests on the shoulder of the lady. The strongest light centres on one side of the



LORD MORPETH.

body, yet, as was ever Reynolds's way, without injuring the quality of the face. The lady's husband sat to Reynolds while in early youth, and with the title of Lord Morpeth; he was afterwards the fifth Earl of Carlisle, brother to the Lady Betty Delmé, whose picture was before named, and father of 'the young, gallant Howard,' of 'Childe Harold,' *i. e.* Major Howard, of the Hussars, who was killed at Waterloo. The Lord Morpeth in question is well known to readers of Byron's satires.

No female portraits by Reynolds display the fertility of his resources so well as those representing Mrs. Abington. He painted this lady four times, and each time differently. First in a picture that is best known by the fine engraving of James Watson, as leaning against a pedestal, wearing a dress somewhat resembling that of Lady Broughton, and holding a mask in her right hand. There is a wonderful difference between this picture as a portrait of a woman of the stage and that of the magnificent lady just named. This difference is hard to define, but may be seen by all. A second portrait of Mrs. Abington shows her in character as 'Roxalana,' and in the act of drawing back a curtain, her smart and pretty, although anything but refined features, are lighted with the fervours of the stage—the saucy features of a dashing woman. The same impudence, which is, however, not immodest, is in a third picture of this lady; therein she appears seated, and with her arms on the back of a chair; her chin is pressed on the knuckles of one hand, while with the thumb of the other hand she trifles with her lips—a quaint and free action, such as scarcely any artist but Reynolds would have ventured on; the eyes are full of laughter, the little *retroussé* nose is piquant in expression—the whole intensely lively and spirited; a sleek dog looks at us through the bars of the chair-back, as he sits by his mistress's knee. The lady appears again in a closely-fitting morning dress, a prodigious bow, or cravat, about her neck, the little turned-up nose as before. This has been engraved in an oval by Elizabeth Judkins, and has a very humorous, lively look.

Mary, Duchess of Ancaster, seems to think and to be alive as we look at her portrait, as engraved after Reynolds by Houston, in a circle,—a very brilliant print, when in fine condition (there is a noble, full-length print of

this work). Here, as we saw before in 'Lady Carlisle' and 'Lady Mary Broughton,' is another example of Reynolds's frequent adoption of that fashion which allowed one long tress or solid plait of hair to cross from the back to the front of the sitter, and hang down, by which means he avoided the cutting line of the massed hair with the flesh, and connected the head-dress with the body-robe of the wearer. 'Lady Ancram,' a woman in all the freshness of her youth, as engraved by J. Spilsbury, is noteworthy for the wonderfully-rendered candour of its expression, and the charming way in which a twisted scarf is placed about the neck and before the bosom. No lady's picture surpasses in the breadth and simplicity of its design, its elegance and beauty throughout, the exquisite likeness of the Countess of Aylesford, engraved by Valentine Green. The lady stands clad all in white; at the edges of the upper robe or mantle a line of gold runs, gleaming on either hand, but does not divide the mass of the dress. In broad sweeps, rather than in folds, a body-robe spreads in front from the hips, and catches the light in one large expanse, which is delicately moulded about the torso, and shows yet indicates the form within, and is moulded to perfect grace by that form.

Few, if any, of Reynolds's family groups equals in beauty, variety, and spirit, the famous 'Cornelia and her Children,' or rather, 'Lady Cockburn and her three Infants,'—a work so charming, that we can well conceive the feelings of the Royal Academicians of 1774, that long-past time, when it was brought to be hung in the Exhibition, and received with clapping of hands, as men applaud a successful musical performance, or the fine reading of a poem. Every Royal Academician then present—the scene must have been a very curious one—stepped forward, and in this manner saluted the work of the President: they did so, not because it was his, but on account of its charming qualities. Conceive the painters, each in his swallow-tailed coat, his ruffles and broad cuffs, his knee-breeches, buckles, long waistcoat, and the rest of the garments of those days, thus uniting in one acclaim. The reader may judge whether or not such applause was deserved by the picture, which tells its own story. The parrot in the back-ground was occasionally used by Reynolds; see the portrait of Elizabeth, Countess of Derby,

and the engraving from it by W. Dickinson.* It has been said that the only example of Reynolds's practice in signing pictures on the border of the robes of his sitters appears in 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' before alluded to; nevertheless, this picture of 'Cornelia' shows at least one exception to that asserted rule. The border of Lady Cockburn's dress in the original is inscribed in a similar manner, thus:—'1775, Reynolds *pinxt.*' The picture was begun in 1773, and is now in the possession of Sir James Hamilton, of Portman Square, who married the daughter of General Sir James Cockburn, one of the boys in the picture. It is noteworthy that all these children successively inherited the baronetcy: one of them—the boy who looks over his mother's shoulder—was Admiral Sir George Cockburn, Bart., on board whose ship, the Northumberland, Napoleon was conveyed to St. Helena. Sir James, the eldest brother, was afterwards seventh baronet; Sir William, the third brother, was eighth baronet of the name, was Dean of York, and married a daughter of Sir R. Peel. The lady was Augusta Anne, daughter of the Rev. Francis Ascough, D.D., Dean of Bristol, married, in 1769, the second wife of Sir James Cockburn, sixth baronet, of Langton, in the county of Berwick, M.P. She was niece of Lord Lyttleton. For this picture, in March 1774,† Reynolds received 183*l.* 15*s.* This was probably the whole price, and for a work of no great size, but wealthy in matter, the amount was small indeed. It includes four portraits. After comparison of the facts that the engravings, by C. W. Wilkin, in stipple, and by S. W. Reynolds, mezzotint, are dated, on the robe as aforesaid, '1775,' and its exhibition in 1774, the year in which it was paid for, we may guess that the signature and date were added by the painter after exhibiting it, and probably while he worked on it, with the advantage of having compared the painting with others in the Royal Academy. The landscape recalls that glimpse of halcyon

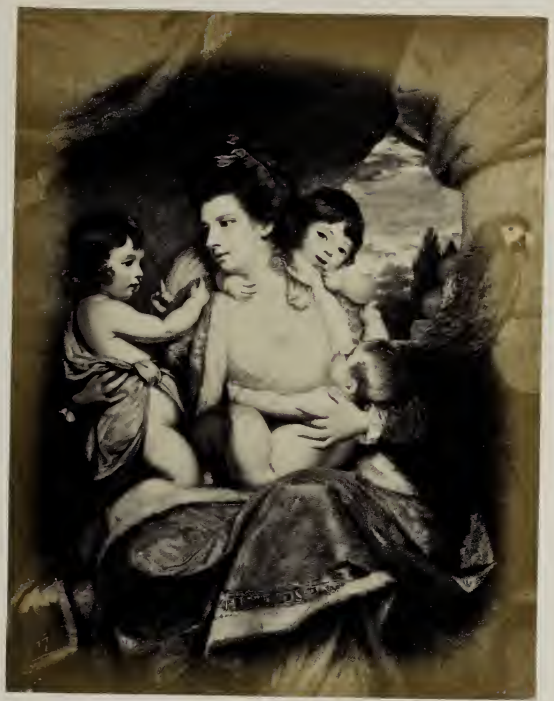
* Rather, we should say, see the engraving only. The picture is one of the very few prime works by Reynolds, which has disappeared without record of its loss. No end of inquiries have been made, but, as yet, no account of its whereabouts or fate has been gained. Mr. G. Barker, who possesses the actual canvasses on which Sir Joshua tried his tints (by means of which it appears that we may know one, at least, of the painter's secrets in colouring), has vainly sought for this picture.

† *See* Mr. Cotton's version of Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Ledger,' J. R. Smith. Longmans, 1860.

country of which we caught sight in 'The Infant Academy:' its trees, its glowing sky, are equally adaptable to both subjects. The picture was exhibited at the British Institution in 1843, and was then the property of Sir James Cockburn, Bart., whose portrait it contains.

Another lady's portrait, which includes that of a child—the Duchess of Manchester and her son—is noteworthy here as one of the pictures sent by Reynolds to the first Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1769: there, also, was the picture 'Hope nursing Love.' 'Mrs. Bouverie and her Child' (see our *Catalogue* of Engraved Portraits by Reynolds) was included in the Second Exhibition of the Royal Academy, together with the 'Children in the Wood.' With regard to the 'Hope nursing Love,' Mr. Cotton tells us that it does not contain a portrait of Miss Palmer, as was once believed, but more truly that of Miss Morris, one of Reynolds's models. The sketch for this picture was sold with the effects of Sir Joshua's niece, the Marchioness of Thomond, together with that of the 'Snake in the Grass' (which is likewise styled 'Cupid Importunate'), to Sir George Philips, for 5*l.* 15*s.*

Reynolds's power of dealing with female features was never more richly exemplified than by that portrait of Queen Charlotte which is now at Windsor, and represents her seated in coronation robes; he made something pleasant to look at even in her features, and gave to them a girlish vivacity and expression of sensibility that go as oddly with our ideas of her character as the lavish, not to say slavish, encomiums of poor Fanny Burney on her 'royal mistress,' do with the sickening details which, as the 'Bernai' of that female fiend Madame Schwellenberg, she also recorded. It is wonderful to contrast this picture of Reynolds's with the later one of the same Charlotte, that is also at Windsor, the work of West, as engraved by Valentine Green, who, after his vast experience with Sir Joshua's pictures, must have suffered horribly before the prose of West, which was as void of art as of beauty, and had only the Chinese merit of fidelity: to this we may add something of that unconscious satire which often appears in Chinese work. Green must have had a hard time of it before this picture of the cat-faced woman, with the wide nostrils and pug-nose, big-lipped and spread mouth, and the bush of hair above, that suggests another thing of which it was, probably,



CORNELIA.

Lady Cockburn and Her Children.

the only original, to wit, the bearskin now worn by the Royal Guards,—at once a head-dress the most costly, inconvenient, ludicrous, and uncouth, even among military costumes, such as have been devised by princely tailors. The Queen in West's picture sits on a couch, and, thus bedizened, is a far more comical figure than any savage female. She holds a purse in her hand, and with it points to a bust of Minerva (it was the fashion to compare this lady with that goddess). Through the open window appear the twin towers of Westminster Abbey. The Princess Royal—the 'most sweet princess' of Madame D'Arblay, a purer, kinder model of her mother, as improved by English breeding—stands at her feet, with a creaming smile upon her face, as if unconscious of the difference between her mother and Minerva. West, oddly enough, represents her Majesty after the fashion so freely commented on with regard to Queen Charlotte's predecessor, Catherine of Braganza, of whom it was said that when she stood up it was to look as if she had no legs. These examples show what was done with the same subject by Reynolds and by West.

For the sake of a relative of this royal lady, the Duchess of York, the face of the superb plate of the whole-length standing portrait by Reynolds of Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, was punched out, and H.R.H.'s substituted for it; thus the altered plate has a royal face on a ducal body. This same Duchess deserved a better fate for her portrait: she told the present President of the Royal Academy that his predecessor had made her try eleven different dresses before he painted her 'in that bedgown.' This is Mr. Taylor's version of the story. Reynolds painted two, if not three, portraits of this lady: the one in question here is upright, standing in a park, engraved, besides the above-named plate, in small by S. W. Reynolds.

A story is told which connects the ladies of Reynolds's painting, as they became antiquities, with their portraits when children. Lady ——, a venerable toast, an indomitable belle who retained pretensions to that beauty which had made her famous in youth, and that grace which, sixty years before, had charmed many; a lady by no means negligent of her immemorial right to be admired at eighty, met a portrait of herself as a child in a famous printseller's. It caught her eye at the moment of leaving the place; she

halted with an eager face, an octogenarian sigh, an upraised, still tightly-gloved, though trembling finger. 'Ah!' said she, 'you would not think that pretty thing could ever become a wrinkled old hag like me.' The apt compliment that might have been expected was promptly paid, and the lady went her way, less displeased than most persons would be after a *rencontre* with the picture of their youth.

The lady who is seated in the extreme left of Reynolds's 'Cottagers,' engraved by Bartolozzi, with a dog beside her, became, we believe, Sir Edwin Landseer's mother. The young couple who are receiving the counsels and admonitions of a gipsy in Reynolds's 'Fortune-teller,' were the young Duke and Duchess of Dorset. There are two pictures by Reynolds bearing the title of 'The Fortune-Teller.' The one contains two figures, and represents Lord H. and Lady C. Spencer; the other is here referred to, and displays three figures. Some of Reynolds's pictures had startling fates; that which befell the fine plate from his 'Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland,' was what may be called a second-hand evil; far other was the severer lot of his whole-length picture of Miss Greville and her brother, in the characters of 'Hebe and Cupid,' the lady holding a vase, the boy naked, and clinging to her. The father of the pair was Fulke Greville, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Bavaria. He quarrelled with this son, the 'Cupid' of the picture, and was so bitterly angry with him, that he had the figure cut out of Reynolds's canvas, and its place supplied by a tripod: so it is now. It was engraved by M'Ardell before this alteration: the print retains the former arrangement, and shows the boy at about seven years of age. It was pirated in half-length by R. Corbutt, with the name spelt 'Miss Gravill,' for obvious reasons.

Miss Greville of this picture became Mrs. Crewe, and may serve to introduce the portrait of 'Master Crewe as Henry VIII.,' of which we give a copy. The design for this character-portrait is a reminiscence of Holbein's pictures of the monarch, representing him standing with his feet apart and hands against his hips. The original painting was doubtless that splendid work in which Holbein depicted Henry VIII., his wife, and his father and mother, Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, on the wall of the palace of

A GIPSY BOY.

Whitehall,—a work that, with many other treasures, was destroyed by fire in the time of Charles II., of which a small copy, made by order of James II., was recently shown at the National Portrait Exhibition, together with that invaluable cartoon for part of the original picture, a life-sized drawing of two figures on paper, which was found not long since at Chatsworth, and is the property of the Duke of Devonshire. The notion of painting child-likenesses in this manner, and after the fashion of Holbein, is not unknown in our own time. Mr. Holman Hunt painted a little portrait of exquisite quality, representing his nephew, Edward Wilson, in masquerade costume thus: this was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1863, as 'The King of Hearts.'

'Master Crewe as Henry VIII.' was painted in 1775, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1776; also at the British Institution in 1813—a general Exhibition of Reynolds's works, 1833, 1843, 1852, and in the present year. The condition of this portrait is perfect: it looks a little dark, and may have been over-varnished. Being then fifty-three years of age, Reynolds was in the prime of his professional life when it was painted. The size of the picture is 4 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 9 in. It is the property of the present Lord Crewe, and is remarkable for its vitality, spirit of expression, and attitude: see the cleverly introduced incident of the dog smelling in canine want of faith at the little sturdy leg of his master, the boy's gleeful grin and bold stride.

It is difficult to conceive a greater contrast than is afforded between this picture of 'Master Crewe' in the luxurious habit of a masquerade, and that of 'The Gipsy Boy. Of this picture it is said that the head only was produced by Sir Joshua, apparently from the same model as that of the well-known 'Blackguard Mercury:' the body was added, we are told, by R. Westall, R.A.; his brother, W. Westall, A.R.A., then a boy, sat for this figure. It represents a boy grinning in a singularly well-expressed way, full of life, his hands clasped in front of his ragged garments. Another picture of this contrasted class is the well-known 'Boy with the Cabbage-nets,' about which the story is told that the principal model was picked up by Sir Joshua in the streets, and found to be a little hero in his way. Being an orphan, with brothers or sisters solely depending on him,

he, as each grew old enough to work, trained them to make nets at home, for which he found a market in the public ways. Thus Sir Joshua painted him, with one of his sisters looking over his shoulder, and with precisely the expression which one must expect on the face of such a valiant little fellow.

Reynolds painted scores of portraits of ladies with their children, and did none better than those in which his exquisite sense of beauty and power in characterisation were employed in depicting the maternal instinct at its most lovely phase. Of such compositions none is more simple and beautiful than the well-known 'Pickaback.' He depicted Lady Cockburn, with a triad of rollicking babies; Lady Dashwood and her child, repentant after naughtiness, with pretty, blubbered face, and fondest gesture, embracing the maternal cheek, which from the lips to the eyes ripples to a smile; pretty Lady Betty Delmé, with her shy daughter and bolder son. The Duchess of Devonshire, a buxom dame, dances the crowing Lady Georgiana Cavendish upon her knee, and enjoys the child's delight, as it watches her hand waving to the tune of,—

'Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross.'

The same tune seems to be sung in that other portrait, Caroline, Duchess of Marlborough, whose baby, wild with fun, capers on her knee. Lady Harrington's 'big baby' is by its mother held up to be seen. Mrs. Hartley carries her child as a Bacchus minor, and crowned with vine-leaves, astride of her shoulder, as she dashes along and sings aloud.* Lady Herbert's naked infant—a mischief-loving imp—chucks its pleased mother under the chin. Mrs. Lascelles' strapping boy sits in his mother's lap, and bending back pulls down her face to his, using hands that are all fists. There are at least a score

* Many of Reynolds's sitters died tragically, of this we have already given one or two examples; to these may be added a note of the unfortunate death of this famous actress, and the infant who is represented in this picture:—A vessel, in which she was going to America, was wrecked, and the bodies of the mother and this infant were washed on shore, the infant still clinging to its mother. Miss Morris, who is said to have been the original of the female in 'Hope nursing Love,' a child-picture, died miserably of consumption under very painful circumstances.

A BOY WITH CABBAGE NETS.

of these charming compositions. The only foolish one among them is that of the Duchess of Manchester, as 'Diana stealing the bow of Cupid.' This was probably produced under similar inspiration to that which dictated to the painter the sentimental 'Ladies with the *Term* of Hymen,' in the National Gallery.

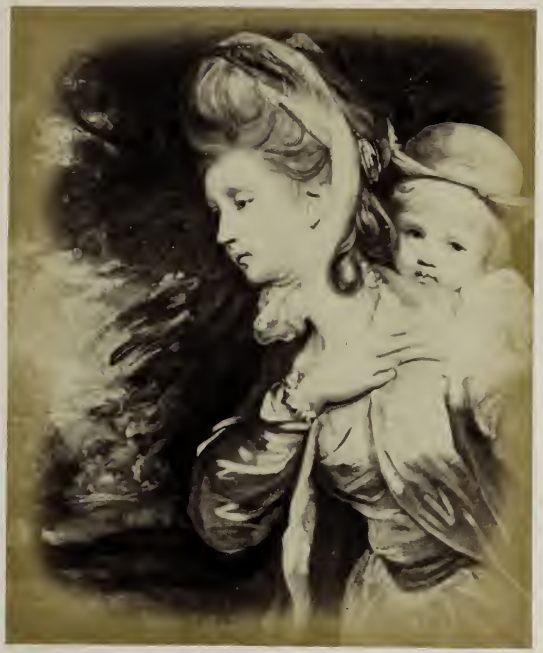
As we said just now, no work of this class is sweeter than 'Pickaback, Mrs. Payne Gallwey and Child,' the young mother with her little one upon her shoulders, as if they were thus in a park together; the child wears a broad-brimmed hat that scarcely holds to its head, looks over the lady's shoulder with a pair of dove-like eyes, and clings with a fairy arm, that is stayed in its place by one of the mother's hands, while the other holds up the little burden behind. The companionship thus simply indicated was not destined to last. This picture was painted by Reynolds about 1779,—at any rate he received 70*l.* in the December of that year. The lady was Philadelphia, daughter of General De Lancey, and wife of Stephen Payne—who afterwards took the name of Gallwey—of Toft's Hall, Norfolk: she died in 1785, aged twenty-seven. Her husband was a well-known virtuoso, whose portrait Reynolds painted in one of the Dilettante pictures, which are now at Willis's Rooms, St. James's. He is the man who appears seated, and in the act of drinking from a glass, which thus shows a ring across his face. The only child of Mr. and Mrs. Payne Gallwey was Charlotte, who, in 1797, married John Moseley, Esq., of Glemham House, Suffolk. 'Pickaback' was exhibited at the International Exhibition, and is the property of Lord Monson.

Without having exhausted the inexhaustible subject of Reynolds as a painter of men and ladies, space warns us to turn to what he did in that field of his genius which, as was said before, was his beyond all others, wherein he still reigns without a visible rival. Holbein painted, or is said to have painted, children's portraits, but, even if we accept all that are attributed to him, their number is few, their variety not greater. Vandyck painted some children, and with enviable success in such works as that admirable group of the family of Charles I., which is now at Windsor, and shows them with small dogs in the picture (No. 556 at the National Portrait

Exhibition of 1866); also that other group of the same subject, where Charles (afterwards the Second) and James (his successor) with their sisters, are seen standing, with a big Spanish bloodhound as tall as they are (No. 591 at the National Portrait Exhibition of 1866). Rubens's portraits of children are, as were those of Vandyck, and one or two other painters of Flanders and Italy, as perfect as those of Reynolds; the number of their works is, however, insignificant in comparison with that of those by our master. A reference to the list which follows this text will not only demonstrate the extent of his labours in this one department, and with it the astounding activity and fertility of his mind and hand, but establish the comparison in his favour with which our consideration of this branch of the subject opens. Two hundred photographs would not fully illustrate this *Catalogue*, which comprises only engraved pictures, and probably not the whole of those transcripts. Examination of the artist's pocket-books shows that many young folks sat to him whose portraits are either unknown to us, or have never been reproduced on metal, stone, or wood.

'The Sleeping Child,' 'The Children in the Wood,' Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick ('Collina'), 'Master Crewe,' 'Pickaback,' and 'Cornelia' (Lady Cockburn and Children), have been already described. We will now, as in a former section of the subject, select examples to show how varied was his work, how wealthy his genius in this respect.* We have little Lord Burghersh, in a white dress and a large dark sash, a broad-brimmed hat on his head, running, and with the right hand beckoning to some one to follow him. The care with which Reynolds designed such figures as this may be shown to those who care to notice how exquisitely natural is the action of the little girl-clad boy with the left arm and hand, which, although showing the energy imparted by the gambolling spirit to his whole body, is, of the

* The enormous number of Reynolds's works is startling, and will probably never be thoroughly known; nevertheless, the fact that Richardson's 'Catalogue of Portraits' engraved after these pictures, although published so long ago as 1794, and of course without reference to the very considerable number that have, since this date, been engraved for the first time, names nearly seven hundred prints. Some of these are duplicates, and most of them in mezzotint—a manner specially adapted to render with success the power of Sir Joshua in chiaroscuro; no other method of engraving approaches this, with regard to that quality of his works.



PICK-A-BACK.

Mrs. Payne Galwey and her Daughter.

four limbs, alone not in action; hence its vitality is cunningly expressed by the artist, who used the arm also to balance the figure by bringing it close to the side, and—this is a perfect piece of character—making its chubby little fingers stick out all apart, the palm open, and the thumb set back. The face, with its sunny, bright, yet soft eyes, is charming. Master Leicester Stanhope beats his drum with childlike glee.

The portrait of the young Lord Morpeth gives us a good example of Reynolds's simplest manner of treating children in painting; it displays in a striking manner those features which have descended to recent members of his family. It represents Frederick, eldest son of Henry, fourth Earl of Carlisle, brother of the Lady Betty Delmé, whom we saw sitting with her children in the garden, as painted so charmingly by our artist. Lord Morpeth was born on the 28th of May, 1748, and as he sat for this picture in December 1757 and January 1758, was then about ten years of age. He became fifth Earl of Carlisle, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and died in 1825, September 4th. (*See* note before.)

Master Bunbury is among the foremost and most admirable of Reynolds's pictures of children. The little chap sits upon a bank, the *beau-ideal* of childish contentment, his chubby hands upon his thighs,—no doubt an action derived from that of some older person; his mouth is a little open; the eyes with a pleasant expression of a resolution to be good and sit well to the great artist, who was his mother's friend,—the kindly, child-loving Sir Joshua. Accordingly, he sits in broad-skirted coat, that is secured by one button about his chest, little waistcoat and trousers 'all in one,' the fashion of a day much later than his, but now superseded by that old Puritan costume of England in the seventeenth century. On its recent revival this costume has been ridiculously styled the 'Knickerbocker,' although it was a dress constantly in use centuries before Washington Irving wrote his novel, and made the old Dutch name so well known in New York, whence we reimported the garments of the children of the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' to which, as 'old-fashioned' and quaint in the eyes of their descendants, have been given the name of Irving's wonderful Dutchman. Master Bunbury's shirt-front—if that is indeed a shirt which is next his skin—is set wide open,

showing his plump, white chest; he is a sturdy urchin, ringleted about the ears, resolute and honest, full of fun withal. Francis Haward's mezzotint from this picture is one of the finest translations of Reynolds into black and white. Walpole wrote on the margin of his Academy Catalogue for 1781, when this picture was exhibited, 'A little boy; charming.' He was right. It was exhibited at the British Institution in 1813,—the general gathering of Reynolds's pictures, 1851, and 1861. It is 2 ft. 5 in. high, by 2 ft. wide.

This Master Bunbury was named Charles John, elder son of Henry William Bunbury, the celebrated caricaturist, born in November, 1772; so he must have been between nine and ten years of age when he sat for this portrait in 1781. The boy is doubly interesting to all lovers of Sir Joshua and Goldsmith, insomuch as he was the son of Miss Horneck, the 'little Comedy' of the poet. Reynolds bequeathed this picture to 'Mrs. Bunbury, her son's portrait.' The lad became a general officer in the army, and died at the Cape of Good Hope in 1798. Reynolds painted also a portrait of Henry William Bunbury, a young man, in the dress of the time, holding a portfolio under his left arm. This well-known personage was the youngest son of the Rev. Sir William Bunbury. Another portrait represented Miss Annabella Bunbury, sister of the caricaturist (who married Sir Patrick Blake, Bart., and ultimately became Mrs. Boscawen), in character, with the emblems of Juno. This picture has been engraved by J. Dixon and S. W. Reynolds. He also painted 'Lady Sarah Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces.' This lady was born Lennox and sister of the fourth Duke of Richmond, 1745. Reynolds left to her his Portrait of her son. On a second marriage, she became the mother of the Napiers. He also painted her when seventeen years of age in the Holland-House picture, with Lady Susan Strangways and Charles James Fox, the last being then but fourteen years of age,—the portrait the earliest taken, we believe, of the man who afterwards became so famous and influential. In this picture, which has been engraved by James Watson, the younger lady holds up a dove, and stands on the ground with the boy, while their senior looks down from a window,—a composition not of the happiest kind. The Lady Sarah Bunbury before spoken of is said to have been beloved by George III.

MASTER C. J. BUNBURY.

The picture called 'Simplicity' is a portrait of Miss Gwatkin, the daughter of 'Offy,' Sir Joshua's niece. Its extreme innocence and purity of expression speak for it as one of the most famous of Reynolds's works. There are at least two versions of it. One of these holds a few—now sadly faded, indeed almost vanished—flowers in the child's palms. For a difference these flowers serve well, but they do not improve the idea that is so charmingly expressed by the little one's knit fingers, whose rosy, upturned tips have been absurdly compared to prawns placed in a dish. 'Simplicity,' which belongs to Miss Gwatkin, has been repeatedly engraved. The owner is in possession of many relics of her grand-uncle, who painted this picture in 1789: it was at the Royal Academy Exhibition of that year. The second version was at the International Exhibition of 1862, the property of B. Gibbons, Esq. 'Lesbia,' —which is another work of the charming idyllic class, that includes 'The Age of Innocence,' 'The Sleeping Child,' 'The Strawberry Girl,' and 'Simplicity,'—was paid for by the Duke of Dorset, October 26th, 1786, the price being 75 guineas. Such prosaic details as these are often antithetical to the subject of pictures; when, however, they have no other history, and the meaning needs no light from anecdote, these trivial facts serve as milestones to record the progress of the master, and are contributions towards his own biography.

We have not said much to illustrate the ways and manners of Sir Joshua's boy-sitters; there are, however, some rather amusing stories told of them. One of them displays Reynolds's kindly consideration and knowledge of the nature of lads. A picture by Reynolds was exhibited in 1758, entitled, 'Master Mudge,' a portrait of the younger son of Dr. Mudge, whom the artist also painted. This boy was taken ill during a residence in London, and, with that natural longing to go home which is anything but wholly selfish, fretted with desire to see his father on his sixteenth birthday. Going was out of the question, so Reynolds, moved by the boy's distress, and glad of an opportunity to please his own old friend the doctor, said, 'Never mind, I will send you to your father.' And he accordingly, says Mr. Cotton ('Reynolds and his Works,' p. 83), so painted his portrait, that when the case containing it was opened, the doctor should be agreeably surprised by seeing

his son looking at him, with a boyish and glad smile, from behind the heavy folds of a curtain. The portrait thus produced has been engraved by S. W. Reynolds. There is another tale of a youth's after-gratitude to Reynolds himself, which, for the sake of human kindness, we will relate here. Ozias Humphrey, when quite young, had received some good offices from the great President of the Royal Academy, and during the rest of his life cherished a thankful remembrance of them. An opportunity came at last, such as the grateful do not seek in vain. When Reynolds lost the use of one of his eyes, and feared total blindness, Ozias, who remarked how much his master had formerly enjoyed reading a newspaper in the morning, took advantage of the opportunity, and by quietly dropping in at the breakfast-hour became, during the absence of Miss Palmer, the means of giving him the pleasure without that fatigue which must otherwise have attended Sir Joshua's use of his eyes in reading. Ozias read to him, and was gratified to observe that, although Reynolds made no formal thanks for the attention, he was evidently observant and appreciative: each morning two pictures by the master were placed in the breakfast-room, as the means of further instruction. (Mr. Taylor's 'Life and Times of Sir J. Reynolds,' vol. ii. p. 540.)

Among other anecdotes of children in connexion with the painter take this. The Master Wynn who sat to Reynolds for 'St. John at the Spring,' grew up and had a grandson, who sat to Lawrence while yet a boy. In the middle of the operation this lad, with the most evident gravity, and as if after long meditation, suddenly demanded of that President who above all things dreaded a blunder in tact, and was not a little sensitive about his own age and appearance, 'Are you the man who painted my grandfather?'

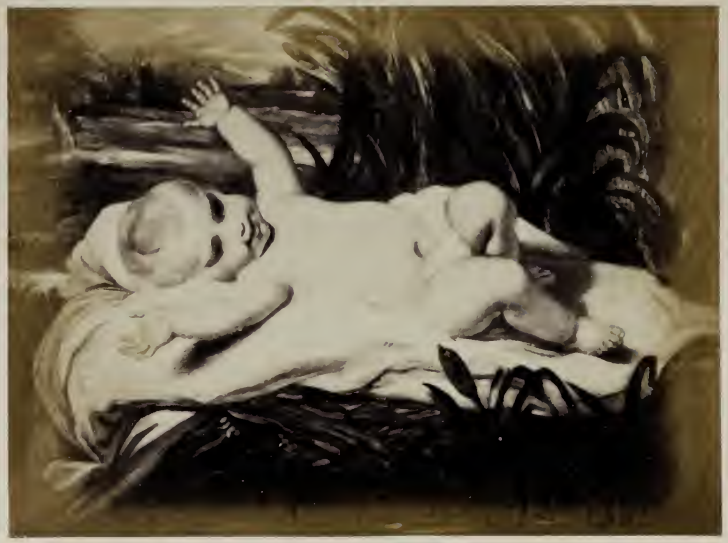
One of the most fascinating portraits of boys by Reynolds, is that superb half-length of the Hon. George Seymour Conway, a chubby lad in a Vandyck dress, that has been perfectly engraved, about two-thirds the size of life, by E. Fisher. This print is among the triumphs of skill in mezzotint, and shows the face looking a little down, full cheeks, and parted lips,—the copy of a most ingenuous, charming picture, without any pretence to be expressive beyond the simplest forms of nature, yet startlingly full of vitality and pathos, not sadness. The contrast that such a simple picture as this affords,

SIMPLICITY.

Miss Theophila Gwatkin.

The picture of 'Moses in the Bulrushes' has quite different qualities, aiming at nothing of the awe-inspiring sort; invoking no terrible imagery to the imagination, its theme has been for centuries one of the simplest and most popular of all. The deeper symbolism that has been imparted by poets and other writers to our ideas of the subject, the asserted parallelism between the ark of Noah and the cradle wherein Moses lay, does not obtrude itself here. The elements of the theme are not needfully other than dramatic, and may without offence come into the category of domestic subjects, of the homeliest, sweetest kind. When, therefore, Reynolds painted this charming picture of a babe struggling with its own weight, and gleefully stretching forth its arms, we are delighted with the beauty of the workmanship; the truth of representation, the innocence of the infant, the breadth and vigour of the chiaroscuro of the picture, at once charm and soothe the eye; so that one does not fail to enjoy them, even if the secret of their power is unknown to us, and only its effect perceived. It is one of the most beautiful of his works, vivacious, yet sober, broad, yet intense. Malone ('Some Account of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' p. lxvii.) says the price of this picture was one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and that it was sold to the Duke of Leeds.

with that of one like the so-called 'Infant Samuel,' suffices to show how great was Reynolds's mistake when he took up what must be called 'a fancy subject,' and styled it 'religious art.' 'The Infant Samuel' was more unfortunate in this respect than many of our master's works, and has nothing to do with 'Samuel;' no characteristics exist to give the kneeling boy aptitude to the subject, no incident beyond that which is imported in the cheapest manner by a gathered ray of light in the background; the artist succeeded in spoiling a pretty picture of a child kneeling in prayer by the absurd ambition of the title, and the insufficient illustration of the theme that the rays of light supply. There was undoubtedly some feeling for this when the picture was pirated in engraving, and all sorts of fancy titles were given to it. The 'Infant Samuel' turns up everywhere in England, has been engraved under more names than any of Reynolds's pictures, and is to be seen in every country,—tawdry coloured lithographs from Berlin; steel-plate impressions from Vienna; Parisian etchings of the commonest order; English wood-cuts, lithographs, copper-plate engravings, and every other means of reproduction, have been employed for it: it has appeared even on anchovy and jam pots. Its extensive diffusion under the false title of 'The Infant Samuel' proves, either the utter incapacity of the buyers who may accept it as such, or, what is more likely, their recognition of the simpler genuine qualities of the picture. S. W. Reynolds gave the true title, when he engraved the picture and called it 'The Orphan's Prayer.' 'Thy will be done,' was a favourite title for this work; also 'Hallowed be Thy name.' Like the so-called 'St. John and the Lamb,' by Murillo, now in the National Gallery, another picture of the same class, it has been more happily re-named than named. Reynolds painted several versions of this picture with diverse names. 'The Calling of Samuel' was hardly more aptly named than this picture; it is, however, just to Reynolds to say, with regard to the former, that it appeared at the Academy with the title 'Daniel.' This original style was hardly more apt to the picture than that which Miss Hannah More (let us hope inadvertently) bestowed, and by which it is now best known. The figure of the 'Age of Innocence' has been engraved with a background, like those of 'Samuel.'



MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

A CATALOGUE

OF THE

ENGRAVED PICTURES OF CHILDREN

BY

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

[*The Names in Italics are those of Engravers; the dates in the first column are those of the execution of the pictures.**]

1783* Academy, The Infant, *F. Haward, S. W. Reynolds* (twice), *W. J. Fry, W. Walker*, and many others. 'The Mob-Cap,' the central figure from this picture, *S. W. Reynolds*, and others.

1781 Adoration of the Shepherds, The Angels in the (Oxford picture-glass). *J. Jones, G. S.* and *J. G. Facius, R. Earlom.*

1766 Allegro, L'. 'Euphrosyne' (Mrs. Hale, with Children). *J. Watson, Lambertini, S. W. Reynolds, C. Corbutt.*

1776 Althorpe, Viscount, in a Vandyck dress. *G. Kellaway, W. J. Fry.*

1786 Angels, The Guardian. *E. H. Hodges.*

1787 Angels' Heads (Miss Frances Isabella Ker Gordon). *S. W. Reynolds, P. Simon*, and others.

1782 Angerstein, Mrs., and Child. Small half-length. *Ridley, J. Scott.*

1783 Angerstein, The Children of Mrs. *J. Scott.*

1786 Annetta (The Hon. Miss Anne Bingham). *F. Bartolozzi, P. Bonato.*

1761 Artist, A Female (Miss Johnson). 'Design,' 'A Girl Drawing.' *J. Grozer, S. W. Reynolds.*

* It is believed that this Catalogue will be found nearly complete, both as regards the titles of the pictures referred to and the engravers' names; the dates of the engravings are not given, because they have no bearing on those of the paintings. The dates in the first column are as numerous as it was practicable to make them, but, owing to the many changes of titles to Reynolds' pictures, it has been impossible to identify the whole: many are not, to our knowledge, recorded. The dates which are marked with the star must be regarded as uncertain. The difficulty of identifying pictures is exemplified by the case of 'Master Brown,' which has four names, and many more engravers in divers styles. Hence it is by no means improbable that repetitions may occur in this list.

1773 Bacchante carrying a Child (Mrs. Elizabeth Hartley and Child). *S. W. Reynolds, J. R. Smith, G. Marchi, W. Nutter.*

1770 Bacchus, The Birth of. *Sailliar.*

1776 Bacchus, The Infant (Master Henry Herbert). *E. H. Hodges, J. R. Smith,* and others.

1766* Bambino, Madonna col. *J. R. Smith, Blackmore?*

1781 Barwell, Mr., and Son. *W. Dickinson.*

1780 Beauclerk, Miss Elizabeth, as 'Una and the Lion.' *T. Watson.* In a circle by *W. Dickinson.*

1777 Bedford Family, The. 'The Russell Family' (Francis, Duke of Bedford, as St. George; Lords John and William Russell; and Miss Vernon). *V. Green.*

1789 Billington, Mrs., as 'St. Cecilia,' with Angels. *J. Ward, B. Pastorini, S. W. Reynolds.*

1786 Bingham, The Hon. Miss Anne, called 'Annetta.' *F. Bartolozzi, P. Bonato.*

'Bird, The.' 'A Boy.' *J. Dean.*

1788 Boothby, Miss Penelope, as 'Penelope.' *T. Park, T. Kirk.*

1772 Boringdon, Lady (Mrs. Parker), and Son. Half-length. *S. W. Reynolds.*

1765 Bouverie, Master Jacob Pleydell, called 'Jacob,' (The Second Earl of Radnor), in a Vandyck dress. *J. M'Ardell* (twice), *R. Brookshaw* (half-length), *S. W. Reynolds.*

1760 Bouverie, Mrs., and Child, sitting. *J. Watson.*

1775 Bowles, Miss. 'Girl with Dog,' and 'Juvenile Amusement.' *W. Ward, W. Fry, C. Turner, J. Grozer.*

Boy, A. 'The Bird.' *J. Dean.*

Boy, An Anonymous Portrait of a. In oval. *S. W. Reynolds.*

1781 Boy with a Bag and Stick (Oxford picture-glass). *J. Jones, G. S.* and *J. G. Faeius, R. Earlom, H. Blundell.*

1772 Boy, The Beggar-. *E. H. Hodges.*

Boy with a Bunch of Grapes. *J. Young.*

1775 Boy with Cabbage-nets. *C. Hardy, S. W. Reynolds.*

Boy with a Dog. *V. Green.*

Boy, The Gipsy. *R. Pym.*

Boy, The Good. *E. H. Hodges.*

1784 Boy Reading. *G. Keating.*

Boy, The School-. *J. Dean.*

1780 Boy, The Shepherd. *J. S. Agar, J. Barnard, I. Spilsbury.*

Boy, The Shepherd. *I. Spilsbury, S. W. Reynolds,* and others.

1784 Boy, The Studious. *J. Dean, J. R. Smith.*

1778 Boy in a Venetian Dress. 'The Venetian Boy' (Sir W. Wynn?). *J. Dean.*

1776 Boys, The School- (Masters Henry and John Gawler). *J. R. Smith, S. W. Reynolds.*

1784 Braddyll, Master, leaning on a Vase. *J. Grozer.*

1771* Brothers, The Affectionate (Peniston, William and Francis Lamb, sons of Lord Melbourne). *S. W. Reynolds, J. Cheesman, F. Bartolozzi.*

1762 Brown, Master. 'The Contemplative Youth,' 'The Studious Youth,' 'The Student.' *S. W. Reynolds, E. H. Hodges, C. Turner, J. R. Smith, H. Wallis.*

1772 Buccleuch, Duchess of, and her Daughter, Lady Mary Scott, in a Landscape. *J. Watson.*

1781 Bunbury, Master Charles, seated. *F. Haward, S. W. Reynolds.*

1787 Burghersh, Lord, running and beckoning. *F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds.*

1783* Cap, The Mob (central figure in 'The Infant Academy'). *S. W. Reynolds,* and others.

1767 Capel, Lady E., and Viscount Malden (fifth Earl of Essex). *C. Turner.*

Cartouche. *J. Dean.*

1755 Cathcart, Jane, Lady, and Child, with Greyhound. *J. M'Ardell, R. Houston, S. W. Reynolds.*

1784 Cavendish, Lady Georgiana, and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. *G. Keating, Lightfoot, S. W. Reynolds.*

1784 Cavendish, The Hon. William. *J. Scott.*

1789 Cecilia, St. (Mrs. Billington), with Angels. *J. Ward, B. Pastorini, S. W. Reynolds.*

1775 Cecilia, St. (Mrs. Sheridan), with Angels (The Misses Purdon). *W. Dickinson, T. Watson.*

'Cœlia' (Girl with a dead Bird). 'Chloe.' *R. Houston, J. Graham, F. Bartolozzi,* and others.

1771* 'Charity' (Lady Melbourne, William, Peniston and Francis Lamb). *J. Watson.*

1781 'Charity' (Oxford picture-glass). *J. Jones, G. S.* and *J. G. Facius,* and *R. Earlom.*

1787 Child with the Dog (Master Philip Yorke, Viscount Royston when a Child). *S. W. Reynolds, F. Bartolozzi.*

1758* Child with a Dog and Bird (Miss Cole). 'Fanny and her Friends.' *E. Every.*

Child, The Sleeping. *W. Doughty, S. W. Reynolds.*

1781 Child, The Sleeping. *J. Summerfield* (in line), *J. Jones.*

1791* Child, in 'The Virgin and Child.'

1781 Children, in 'The Adoration of the Shepherds' (Oxford picture-glass). *J. Jones, G. S.* and *J. G. Facius, R. Earlom.*

Children, Mother with. An unique impression of a plate in the Duke of Buccleuch's collection, baby on its mother's knee, another child looking in her face.

1767 Children, in the Witch Scene in 'Macbeth.' *R. Thew.*

1772 Children in the Wood. *J. Caldwell, S. W. Reynolds.*

1770 Children in the Wood. *J. Watson.*

Chloe. 'Girl and Dead Bird,' 'Cœlia.' *F. Bartolozzi, R. Houston, J. Graham,* and others.

1768 Cholmondeley, Miss Anne (Lady Mulgrave), carrying a Dog over a Brook. 'Crossing the Brook.' *G. Marchi.*

1781 Christ, Infant, in 'The Adoration of the Shepherds' (Oxford picture-glass). *J. Jones, G. S.* and *J. G. Faeius, R. Earlom.*

1781 Clinton, Lady Catherine Pelham (feeding Chickens). *J. R. Smith.*

1786 Clive, The First Lord, Lady, and Child. *S. W. Reynolds.*

1773 Cockburn, Lady, and her Children. 'Cornelia and her Children.' *C. Wilkin, S. W. Reynolds.*

1758* Cole, Miss (A Child with a Dog and Bird). 'Fanny and her Friends.' *E. Every.*

1779 Collina (Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick). *J. Dean, J. Jones,* and others.

Composition, A. 'Girl with Flowers.' *I. Spilsbury..*

Contemplation. 'Meditation.' *J. Dean, W. Ward.*

1759 'Contemplation' (The Hon. Mrs. Spencer and Child). *E. Fisher, F. Bartolozzi.*

1770 Conway, The Hon. George Seymour, in a Vandyck dress. *E. Fisher* (large), *S. W. Reynolds.*

1773 Cornelia and her Children (Lady Cockburn and her Children). *C. Wilkin, S. W. Reynolds.*

1788 Cottagers, The (Mrs. Macklin, her Daughters, and Miss Potts). 'The Gleaners.' *F. Bartolozzi.*

1759 Cox, Master. 'The Young Hannibal.' *C. Townley.*

1766 Crewe, Miss Emma, and her Sister Elizabeth. *J. Dixon, R. Brookshaw.*

1760 Crewe, Mrs., and her Brother (rightly, 'Miss Greville and her Brother'), as 'Hebe and Cupid.' *J. M'Ardell, J. Watson.*

1775 Crewe, Master, in the Character of Henry VIII. *J. R. Smith, S. Paul, S. W. Reynolds.*

1768 Crossing the Brook (Miss Anne Cholmondeley, Lady Mulgrave, carrying a Dog over a Brook). *G. Marchi.*

Cupid with a Bow and Arrow. *C. Moore, W. Say.*

1771 Cupid, The Chiding of. 'Venus chiding Cupid.' *F. Bartolozzi.* The figure of Cupid separate also.

1766 Cupid, Diana disarming (Duchess of Manchester and her Son, Viscount Mandeville). *V. Green, J. Watson.*

1762 Cupid, Dido embracing (Maria, Countess Waldegrave, and her Son). *R. Houston.* There is a piratical copy of this print.

1760 Cupid and Hebe (Greville, Miss, and her Brother). 'Hebe and Cupid' (Mrs. Crewe and her Brother). *J. M'Ardell, J. Watson.*

1766 Cupid, Hope nursing (Miss Palmer—or Miss Morris—nursing Love). *F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds, J. R. Smith, E. Fisher.*

1785 Cupid Importunate. 'The Snake in the Grass.' *J. R. Smith, W. Ward, T. Watson.* The Drawing for this Picture fac-similed by *Day and Co.*

1771 Cupid as a Link-boy. *J. Dean.*

Cupid Sleeping. *J. Dean* (twice), *S. W. Reynolds.*

1759 Cupid and Venus. 'Venus and Cupid.' *J. Collyer, A. Raimbach.*

1788 Cymon and Iphigenia, Cupid looking on. *F. Haward,* and others.

1757 Dalkeith, Charles, Earl of, in a Vandyck dress, his hand upon an Owl. *V. Green, S. W. Reynolds.*

1776 Daniel, The Infant. 'The Calling of Samuel.' *J. R. Smith, S. W. Reynolds.*

1784 Dashwood, Lady, and Child. *C. H. Hodges.*

1762 Davidson, Miss Jane, holding a Lamb. *J. Dixon.*

1780 Delmé, Lady Betty, and her two Children. *V. Green, S. W. Reynolds.*

1761 'Design' (Miss Johnson). 'A Female Artist,' 'A Girl Drawing.' *J. Grozer, S. W. Reynolds.*

1784 Devonshire, Georgiana, Duchess of, with her Daughter, Lady G. Cavendish (sixth Countess of Carlisle). *G. Keating, Lightfoot, S. W. Reynolds.*

1766 Diana disarming Cupid (Duchess of Manchester, with her Son, Viscount Mandeville). *J. Watson, V. Green.*

1762 Dido embracing Cupid (Maria, Countess Waldegrave, and her Son). *R. Houston.* There is a piratical copy of this print.

1773 Edgcumbe, The Hon. Master Richard. *W. Dickinson, S. W. Reynolds.*

Edwin (from Beattie's 'Minstrel').

1746 Eliot, Mr. Richard, and Family. *S. W. Reynolds.*

1766 Euphrosyne (Mrs. Hale, with Children). 'L'Allegro.' *J. Watson, Lambertini, S. W. Reynolds, C. Corbutt.*

Family, The Holy. *G. Presbury* (for Macklin's Bible), *W. Sharp* (twice), *W. Carloss, W. H. Worthington.* The head of Christ as a gem, *W. Humphreys.*

1758* Fanny and her Friends (Miss Cole). 'Child with a Dog and Bird.' *E. Every.*

1787 'Felina.' 'Girl with a Kitten.' *J. Collyer, F. Bartolozzi, J. Jehner.*

1779 Fitzpatrick, Lady Gertrude. 'Collina.' *J. Dean, J. Jones,* and others.

1775 Fitzpatrick, Lady Gertrude, with a Bunch of Grapes. 'The Girl with Grapes.' *S. W. Reynolds, J. R. Smith.* Lithographed by *J. D. Harding.*

1775 Fitzpatrick, Lady Anne. 'Sylvia.' Sister to the last. *J. Jones.*

1762 Fordyce, Miss (Mrs. Greenwood). *J. Watson, S. W. Reynolds, P. Corbutt.*

1777 Fortune-Teller, The (Lord Henry and Lady Charlotte Spencer). *J. K. Sherwin, S. W. Reynolds, J. Jones, H. Dawe, C. Turner.*

1762 Fox, Master Charles James, at Fourteen years of age. In the Holland-house Picture. *J. Watson.*

1778 Gallwey, Mrs. Payne, and Child, Charlotte. 'Pick-a-back.' *J. R. Smith, S. W. Reynolds,* and others.

Gallwey, Master.

1784 Gargarin, Prince Sergius (Commandant of Moscow), his Princess, and their Son. *C. Watson.*

1776 Gawler, Masters Henry and John. 'The School-boys.' *J. R. Smith, S. W. Reynolds.*

Girl with raised Arms. Fac-simile of a Drawing lithographed by *Day and Co.*

1786 Girl with a Bird on her Shoulder. 'Robinetta.' *J. Jones, S. W. Reynolds,* and others.

1787 Girl at a Cottage. *F. Bartolozzi.*

Girl and Dead Bird. 'Cœlia,' 'Chloe.' *F. Bartolozzi, R. Houston, J. Graham,* and others.

1789 Girl and Dog (The Hon. Miss Frances Harris). *J. Grozer, S. W. Reynolds.*

1775 Girl with Dog (Miss Bowles). 'Juvenile Amusement.' *C. Turner, W. Fry, W. Ward, J. Grozer.*

1761 Girl Drawing, A (Miss Johnson). 'A Female Artist,' 'Design.' *J. Grozer, S. W. Reynolds.*

Girl with Flowers. 'A Composition.' *I. Spilsbury.*

1775 Girl with Grapes (Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick with a Bunch of Grapes). *S. W. Reynolds, J. R. Smith.* Lithographed by *J. D. Harding.*

Girl with a Kitten.

1787 Girl with a Kitten. 'Felina.' *J. Collyer, F. Bartolozzi, J. Jehner.*

Girl with a Lamb (Miss Searle). *S. W. Reynolds, G. Dawe.*

1785 Girl, The Laughing. *Singleton, W. Bond, J. F. Bause, S. W. Reynolds.*

1785 Girl Leaning on her Arms. *J. F. Bause, Baldry.*

1787 Girl with a Mousetrap. 'Muscipula.' *F. Bartolozzi, C. Watson, S. W. Reynolds, J. Jones.*

1771 Girl with a Muff (Miss Theophila Palmer). *J. R. Smith, J. Jehner, S. W. Reynolds.*

1771 Girl Reading, Basket beside her, seated (Miss Theophila Palmer, reading 'Clarissa'). *Scorodonmow.*

1783 Girl, The Sleeping. *J. Jones.*

Girl with a Spaniel. *W. Greatbatch.*

1773 Girl, The Strawberry (Miss Theophila Palmer). *J. Watson, G. Zobel,* and others. Photograph published by *Colnaghi.*

1788 Gleaners, The (Mrs. Macklin, her Daughters, and Miss Potts). 'The Cottagers. *F. Bartolozzi.*

1780 Gloucester, Prince William of, in a Vandyck dress. *C. Watson.*

1774 Gloucester, Princess Sophia of (An Infant with a Dog). *T. Watson, S. W. Reynolds.*

1787 Gordon, Lady, and Son. *S. W. Reynolds.*

1787 Gordon, Miss Frances Isabella Ker. 'Angels' Heads.' *P. Simon, S. W. Reynolds,* and others.

Granby, The Marquis of, and Lady E. Manners. *J. Scott.*

1788 Grantham, John, Lord, with the Hons. Frederick and Philip Robinson. *J. Cheesman.*

1760 Greville, Miss, and her Brother, as 'Hebe and Cupid.' 'Mrs. Crewe and her Brother.' *J. M'Ardell, J. Watson.* (The Boy was cut out of the picture, a tripod substituted, and the work re-engraved in octavo by *R. Brookshaw.*)

1760 Gravill, Miss. A piracy by *C. Corbutt* of Miss Greville's figure from the picture of 'Hebe and Cupid,' which see.

Gunning, Miss, and her Brother.

1789 Gwatkin, Miss Theophila, called 'Simplicity.' *F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds,* and others.

1789 Gwatkin, Miss Theophila. Oval. *S. W. Reynolds.*

1766 Hale, Mrs., with Children. 'Euphrosyne,' 'L'Allegro.' *J. Watson, Lambertini, S. W. Reynolds, C. Corbutt.*

1777* Hamilton, Alexander, The Tenth Duke of, when a Boy. *F. Bromley.*

1759 Hannibal, The Young (Master Cox). *C. Townley, S. W. Reynolds, J. Egan.*

1789* Hardinge, Miss Lucy, feeding a Dog. *J. Watson, S. W. Reynolds.*

1766* Hardwicke, Lady Mary. 'Protection,' 'Lady and Children.' *E. Fisher, J. Ogborne.*

1788 Hare, Master. *R. Thew, S. W. Reynolds.*

1787 Harrington, Jane, Countess of, with her Sons, Viscount Petersham and Lincoln Stanhope. *F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds, V. Green.*

1789 Harris, The Hon. Miss Frances. 'Girl and Dog.' *J. Grozer, S. W. Reynolds.*

1789 Hart, Miss Emma, with Puck. *J. Grozer.*

1773 Hartley, Mrs. Elizabeth, and Child. 'A Bacchante.' *G. Marchi, W. Nutter, S. W. Reynolds, J. R. Smith.*

1760 Hebe and Cupid (Miss Greville and her Brother). 'Mrs. Crewe and her Brother.' *J. M'Ardell, J. Watson.*

1775 'Henry VIII.,' Master Crewe in the character of. *J. R. Smith, S. Paul, S. W. Reynolds.*

1777 Herbert, Lady Elizabeth, and Son. *J. Dean, S. W. Reynolds.*

1776 Herbert, Master Henry. 'Infant Bacchus.' *E. H. Hodges, J. R. Smith, &c.*

1788 Hercules, The Infant. *J. Walker, E. H. Hodges, W. J. Ward.* The centre figure by the latter two.

1789 Hervey, Master.

1788 Hoare, Master Henry. 'Infancy.' *C. Wilkin.*

1757 Holbourne, Master (Son of Admiral Holbourne).

Holy Family, The. *G. Presbury* (for Macklin's Bible), *W. Sharp* (twice), *W. Carloss, W. H. Worthington.* The head of Christ as a gem, *W. Humphreys.*

1784 Honeywood, Lady, and Child. *C. Townley, J. Egan.*

1766 Hope nursing Love (Miss Palmer—or Miss Morris—nursing Love). *S. W. Reynolds, F. Bartolozzi, J. R. Smith, E. Fisher.*

1788 'Infancy' (Master Henry Hoare). *C. Wilkin.*

Innocence, The Age of. *J. Grozer, F. Joubert, C. Turner.*

1788 Iphigenia, Cymon and, Cupid looking on. *F. Haward,* and others.

1757 'Jacob,' Master Jacob Pleydell Bouverie (the second Earl of Radnor), in a Vandyck dress. *J. M'Ardell* (twice), *S. W. Reynolds, R. Brookshaw* (half-length).

1778 John, St., at the Spring (Master Wynn). *S. W. Reynolds, J. Dean, J. Grozer, T. Doney.*

1770 John, St., with the Lamb.

1761 Johnson, Miss. 'A Girl Drawing,' 'A Female Artist,' 'Design.' *J. Grozer, S. W. Reynolds.*

Johnson, The Infant. Boy naked, seated, looking down. *G. Zobel.*

1774 Jupiter, The Infant. *J. R. Smith,* and others.

1775 'Juvenile Amusement' (Miss Bowles). 'Girl with Dog.' *W. Ward, W. Fry, C. Turner, J. Grozer.*

1787 Lady and Child (Mrs. Seaforth and her Child). *J. Grozer, S. W. Reynolds.*

1766* Lady and Children (Lady Mary Hardwicke). 'Protection.' *E. Fisher, J. Ogborne.*

1771* Lamb, The Hon. W., P., and Francis (Sons of Lord Melbourne). 'The Affectionate Brothers.' *F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds, J. Cheesman.*

1771* Lamb, The Hon W., P., and F., with Lady Melbourne. 'Charity.' *J. Watson.*

1771 Lamb, Master. *F. Bartolozzi.*

1759 La Nymphe indifférente. 'Venus,' 'Venus and Cupid.' *W. Dickinson, J. Collyer, A. Raimbach.*

1764 Lascelles, Mrs. Anne, and Child. *J. Watson, S. W. Reynolds, C. Corbutt.*

Legge, The Hon. W. (Second Son of Lord Dartmouth), in a Vandyck dress. *I. Spilsbury.*

Lesbia and her Sparrow. *F. Bartolozzi.*

1764 Leslie, Lady Mary (youngest daughter of the Earl of Rothes). *I. Spilsbury.*

1761 Lewisham, George, Viscount. Oval. *I. Spilsbury.*

1766 Love, Hope nursing. 'Hope nursing Cupid' (Miss Palmer—or Miss Morris—nursing Love). *F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds, J. R. Smith, E. Fisher.*

1787 'Macbeth,' Witch Scene in, The Children in the. *R. Thew.*

1788 Macklin, Mrs., her Daughters, and Miss Potts. 'The Gleaners,' 'The Cottagers.' *F. Bartolozzi.*

1766* Madonna col Bambino. *J. R. Smith, Blackmore?*

1767 Malden, George, Viscount, and Lady E. Capel (Lady Monson). *C. Turner.*

1766 Manchester, The Duchess of ('Diana disarming Cupid'), with her Son, Viscount Mandeville. *V. Green, J. Watson.*

1766 Mandeville, Viscount (The Duchess of Manchester and her Son). 'Diana disarming Cupid.' *V. Green, J. Watson.*

1784 Manners, Lady C. A Child's Head. *T. Gaugain.*

Marlborough, The Duchess of, and her Daughter, Lady C. Spencer. *J. Watson, S. W. Reynolds, R. Houston.*

Marlborough, The Duchess of, and her Son. *H. Fowler.*

1778 Marlborough Family, The. *C. Turner* (twice, different sizes), *W. Say, S. W. Reynolds.*

1778 'Mask, The.' A portion of the last. *C. Turner, L. Schiavonetti.*

1771 Maternal Affection (Lady Elizabeth Melbourne taking her Son, Peniston Lamb, from a Cradle). *W. Dickinson* (in a circle), *T. Watson, S. W. Reynolds.*

Maternal Love. *J. Scott.*

Meditation, otherwise 'Contemplation.' *J. Dean, W. Ward.*

1771 Melbourne, Lady Elizabeth, taking her Son, Peniston Lamb, from a Cradle. *T. Watson, W. Dickinson* (in a circle, as 'Maternal Affection'), *S. W. Reynolds.*

1774 Mercury with the Purse. 'The Blackguard Mercury.' *J. Dean.*

1759 Methuen, Mrs., and Master.

1759 Methuen, Master Paul, and his Sister. *J. Scott.*

1759 Methuen, Master Thomas. *R. B. Parkes.*

Mexborough, The Countess (Lady Pollington), and Child. *F. Bromley.*

1789 Midsummer Night's Dream, A ('Puck,' from Boydell's 'Shakespeare'). *C. Heath, F. Schiavonetti, Testalini.*

1777 Montagu, Lady Caroline (daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Buccleuch), in a Snow-scene. *J. R. Smith.*

1762 Moore, John Henry and Susan Jane, of New York. *J. G. Schumann.*

'Morning Amusement,' A Child in. Seven Girls seated, working and reading. *J. Grozer.*

1758 Morpeth, Viscount (fifth Earl of Carlisle). *T. Trotter.*

1766 Morris, Miss (or Miss Palmer), as 'Hope nursing Love.' *E. Fisher, J. R. Smith, S. W. Reynolds, F. Bartolozzi.*

Moses in the Bulrushes. *J. Dean, E. H. Hodges.*

1758 Mudge, Master, drawing back a Curtain. *S. W. Reynolds.*

1787 'Muscipula.' 'Girl with a Mouse-trap.' *C. Watson, J. Jones, F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds.*

1784 Nymph, The Wood, and Child (Miss Wilson?).

Otway, Lady, and Child. *J. Scott.*

1766 Palmer, Miss (or Miss Morris), as 'Hope nursing Love.' *E. Fisher, F. Bartolozzi, J. R. Smith, S. W. Reynolds.*

1771 Palmer, Miss Theophila. 'Girl with a Muff.' *J. R. Smith, J. Jehner, S. W. Reynolds.*

1771 Palmer, Miss Theophila, reading 'Clarissa.' 'Girl Reading,' with a basket beside her, seated. *Scorodonmow.*

1771 Palmer, Miss Theophila, with Cloak over her right shoulder, gloved. *J. R. Smith.*

1773 Palmer, Miss Theophila. 'The Strawberry Girl.' *J. Watson*, and others. Photograph published by *Colnaghi.*

1779 Parker, Master and Miss. *S. W. Reynolds.*

1772 Parker, The Hon. Mrs., and her Son. *S. W. Reynolds.*

1772 Parker, Mrs. and Son (Lady Boringdon). *S. W. Reynolds.*

1759 Pelham, Master. *S. W. Reynolds.*

1759 Pelham, Miss. *W. Dickinson.*

Pembroke, Henry, Earl of, and his Family. *J. Watson, S. W. Reynolds.*

1761 Pembroke, Elizabeth, Countess of, and George, Lord Herbert, her Son. *J. Dixon.*

1788 'Penelope' (Miss Boothby). *T. Park, T. Kirk.*

1764 Penn Family, The. *C. Turner.*

1787 Petersham, Viscount, The Hon. Lincoln Stanhope, with their Mother, Jane, Countess of Harrington. *F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds, V. Green.*

1779 'Pick-a-Back' (Mrs. Payne Gallwey and Child, Charlotte). *J. R. Smith, S. W. Reynolds*, and others.

1777 Powlett, Lady C. (Daughter of the Duke of Bolton). *J. R. Smith.*

1770 Price, Miss. 'The Shepherdess with Three Lambs' (daughter of Uvedale Price), in a Landscape with Lambs. *J. Watson, J. Grozer.*

1766* 'Protection' (Lady Mary Hardwicke). 'Lady and Children.' *J. Ogborne, E. Fisher.*

1789 'Puck' (from Boydell's 'Shakespeare'). *C. Heath, F. Schiavonetti, Testalini.*

1789 Puck. 'Miss Emma Hartwith.' *J. Grozer.*

1757 Radnor, Jacob Pleydell Bouverie, Second Earl of, when a Boy, in a Vandyck dress. 'Master Bouverie,' 'Jacob.' *J. M'Ardell* (twice), *R. Brookshaw* (half-length), *S. W. Reynolds.*

1786 'Robinetta.' 'Girl with Bird on her Shoulder.' *J. Jones, S. W. Reynolds,* and others.

1788 Robinson, The Hons. P. and F., with John, Lord Grantham. *J. Cheesman.*

1787 Royston, Viscount, when a Child. 'Master P. Yorke, with a Dog,' 'Child with a Dog.' *F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds.*

1777 Russell Family, The. 'The Bedford Family' (Francis, Duke of Bedford, as St. George; Lords John and William Russell; and Miss Vernon). *V. Green.*

1776 Samuel, The Calling of. 'The Infant Daniel.' *J. R. Smith, S. W. Reynolds.*

Samuel, The Infant. Many times engraved, under many titles. *E. H. Hodges.* Bust by *J. Dean* and *S. W. Reynolds.*

1758 Scarborough, Lady, and her Son. *J. Watson.*

Scarsdale, Lady Caroline, and her Son. *J. Watson, S. Paul, Eliza Judkins.*

School-boy, The. *J. Dean.*

1776 School-boys, The. 'The Masters Henry and John Gawler.' *J. R. Smith, S. W. Reynolds.*

1787 Seaforth, Mrs., and her Child. 'Lady and Child.' *J. Grozer, S. W. Reynolds.*

Searle, Miss, with a Lamb. 'Girl with a Lamb.' *G. Dawe, S. W. Reynolds.*

1780 Shepherd-boy, The. *I. Spilsbury, J. S. Agar, J. Barnard.*

1773 Shepherd, The Piping, with a Dog. *W. H. Worthington.*

1770 Shepherdess, The, with Three Lambs (Miss Price, daughter of Uvedale Price). *J. Grozer, J. Watson.*

Shepherdess, The Careful, hugging a Lamb. *S. W. Reynolds, E. Judkins.*

1775 Sheridan, Mrs., as 'St. Cecilia,' with Angels (The Misses Purdon). *T. Watson, W. Dickinson.*

1789 'Simplicity' (Miss Theophila Gwatkin). *F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds,* and others.

1787 Smith, Lady, and Three Children. *F. Bartolozzi.*

1785 Snake in the Grass, The. 'Cupid Importunate.' *J. R. Smith, W. Ward, T. Watson.* The Drawing for this Picture fac-similed by *Day and Co.*

1761 Spencer, Margaret Georgiana, Countess, and her Daughter, Georgiana (Duchess of Devonshire). *J. Watson, S. Paul* (twice), *V. Green.*

1784 Spencer, Lavinia, Countess, and her Son (third Earl Spencer). *F. Bromley.*

1777 Spencer, Lord H. and Lady C., as the 'Fortune-teller.' *J. K. Sherwin, S. W. Reynolds, J. Jones, H. Dawe, C. Turner.*

1759 Spencer, The Hon. Mrs., and Child. 'Contemplation.' *E. Fisher, F. Bartolozzi.*

1786 Spencer, Viscountess, and Child, with a Spaniel. *J. Fisher, J. Finlayson, J. Watson.*

1787 St. Asaph, Lady Sophia, and Son. *J. Grozer, S. W. Reynolds.*

1784 Stanhope, The Hon. Master Leicester, with a Drum. *F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds.*

1787 Stanhope, The Hon. Lincoln, holding a Drawing. *T. Park.*

1787 Stanhope, The Hon. Lincoln, Viscount Petersham, with their Mother, Jane, Countess of Harrington. *F. Bartolozzi, S. W. Reynolds, V. Green.*

1773 Strawberry-Girl, The (Miss Theophila Palmer). *T. Watson, G. Zobel,* and others. Photograph published by *Colnaghi.*

1762 Student, The. 'Master Brown,' 'The Studious Youth,' 'The Contemplative Youth.' *E. H. Hodges, H. Wallis, C. Turner, J. R. Smith, S. W. Reynolds.*

1775 Sylvia (Lady Anne Fitzpatrick). *J. Jones.*

1759 Titchfield, The Marquis of (The Duke of Portland). *J. Jehner, W. Walker.*

1773 Ugolino, The Count, and his Sons. *J. Dixon, A. Raimbach,* and others.

1780 Una and the Lion (Miss Elizabeth Beauclerk). *J. Watson, W. Dickinson.*

1768 Vansittart, Master Henry. *S. W. Reynolds.*

1778 Venetian Boy. 'Boy in a Venetian dress' (Sir W. Wynn?). *J. Dean.*

1759 Venus. 'La Nymphe indifférente,' 'Venus and Cupid.' *W. Dickinson, F. Collyer, A. Raimbach.*

1759 Venus and Cupid. 'La Nymphe indifférente,' 'Venus.' *J. Collyer, A. Raimbach, W. Dickinson.*

1771 Venus chiding Cupid. 'The Chiding of Cupid.' *F. Bartolozzi.* The figure of Cupid separate also.

1791* Virgin and Child, The.

1762 Waldegrave, Maria, Countess, and her Son. 'Dido embracing Cupid.' *R. Houston.* There is a piratical copy of this print.

Warwick, George, Second Earl of. *A. Sanders.*

1787 Witch Scene in 'Macbeth,' Children in the. *R. Thew.*

Wynn Family, The. *G. H. Every.*

1778 Wynn, Master. 'St. John at the Spring.' *J. Dean, S. W. Reynolds, J. Grozer, T. Doney.*

1787 Yorke, Master Philip. 'Child with the Dog,' 'Viscount Royston when a Child.' *S. W. Reynolds, F. Bartolozzi.*

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